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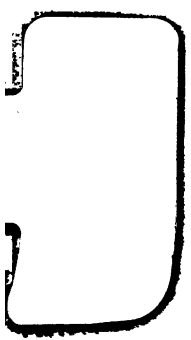

Vida

NNN

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A View of the Silkhouse with the Stands for Feeding the Worms, the method of hindering their Dirt from incommoding the under Shelves, — of placing Twiggs when they Spin their Silkballs, — and of hanging those Silkballs which are intended for Breeding

P. Fourdrinier Del. & Sc.

THE SILKWORM: A POEM. IN TWO BOOKS.

WRITTEN BY

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA,

AND

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE

BY

The Reverend SAMUEL PULLEIN,
of TRINITY COLLEGE, *Dublin*, A. M.

DUBLIN:
Printed by S. POWELL, for the AUTHOR.
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1915
R L

THE PREFACE.

THE uſefulneſs of the ſubject was not one of the leaſt reaſons which induced me to tranſlate the ſilkworm of Vida, ſince at this time it ſeems, in a peculiar manner, to merit the care of the Britiſh nations. I make no doubt but that Vida's poem did, in his time, prompt many perſons of fortune and diſtinction to encourage the ſilken manufacture in ſeveral parts where it had not yet been introduced: And it would give me a very ſenſible pleaſure if, by making him ſpeak Engliſh, I ſhould any way aſſiſt in naturalizing the ſubject he wrote on to our own country. And, that this is very practicable, ſeveral trials that have already been made ſeem to demonſtrate. And from my own experience I am convinced that the manufacture might be carried on among us with great eaſe and ſucceſs; giving both employment and profit to great numbers, with this additional advantage of requiring no fund to begin it, except that of a few mulberry-trees.

The following poem is wrote upon a plan like that of the Georgic of Virgil, where precepts are delivered in the pleaſing dreſs of poetry; and tho' Virgil's Georgic on bees may have more grandeur and colouring in

it than this on the ſilkworm, yet it muſt be allowed that Vida has adhered more ſtrictly to his ſubject, and given more accurate and true inſtructions. Virgil's ſubject had the advantage of this; it was naturally more active; not a field or flower but what it gave him liberty to range over: That which Vida treats is, in a great part, ſo ſtill and ſedentary that it required great art to give it vigour and motion. So that Virgil's poem appears, like an object view'd thro' a multiplying glaſs, in variety of ſituations and dazling colours; but Vida's gives us a microſcopic view, which more juſtly repreſents nature, and only magnifies in order to diſcover truth. None of Vida's epiſodes can indeed be compared to that of Ariſtæus, but then they have this advantage that they do not engroſs ſo much of the poem.

As to the tranſlation, I only wiſh that it may have ſome reſemblance of the ſtyle and manner which appear in the original, and hope I have in nothing material departed from its meaning, unleſs it be in applying thoſe compliments which the author deſigned for another to one whoſe great merit gives her as juſt a title to whatever amiable qualities were found in former ages, as it doth to her being a pattern to the preſent. Tho' I am very ſenſible of one fault in the application, which forced me to confine a picture to a few lights which would have appeared beautiful in every ſituation.

JOHN VANBRUGH.

THE

THE LIFE OF VIDA.

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA was born at Cremona in the year of our Lord 1470, his father's name was Gelelmus Vida, and his mother's Leona Oſcaſala, both of the neighbourhood of St. Leonard's. He was deſcended from illuſtrious anceſtors, for Bonveſinus Vida had born the conſular dignity of Cremona even ſo early as the year 1166; but, at the time we now ſpeak of, the family was reduced to low circumſtances. While our poet was yet a child the great talents which he afterward diſplayed began to diſcover themſelves. Theſe were firſt improved in his own native country at the ſchool of the

learned Nicolaus Laſcarus, and afterward in ſeveral other cities of note whither he was ſent for inſtruction by his father; and his celebrated writings bear ſufficient teſtimony of the progreſs he made both in divinity, philoſophy, poetry and oratory.

Having imbibed the firſt principles of the liberal ſciences at Cremona and Mantua he was ſent to Padua; here and at Bulloign he bent his ſtudies to divinity and poetry, giving ſuch proofs of his learning and genius as ſoon made his name ſo famous that while he was but a youth he was made a prebend of the regulars of St. Mark's of Mantua, a ſociety of royal foundation; and a little afterward was promoted to the ſame dignity in the church of St. John of Lateran. By theſe ſhining ornaments of the ſciences, and eſpecially by his poetical talents, he became known to pope Leo the tenth, the great patron of learning in that age; who, having read the poem in which Vida deſcribes the fictitious battle of cheſs, was ſo taken with the author's genius and ſtrength of ſtyle, that he immediately cried out 'this is the perſon whom I have long earneſtly 'wiſhed for, who has both elegance and ſublimity ca-'pable of deſcribing the wonderful tranſactions of 'Chriſt

'Chriſt (a ſubject which had already been attempted by ſome, but not with that clearneſs and ſpirit which it deſerved.) And he encouraged and prevailed upon him to attempt the poem which is called the Chriſtiad.

That he might therefore more ſucceſsfully ſet about ſuch a difficult taſk, he was preſented to the priory of St. Sylveſter in Tuſculum. In this calm and pleaſant receſs, which poſſeſſed every thing that was ſuited to the ſociety of the Muſes, he immediately employed himſelf in executing the commands of his patron; and having finiſhed and preſented ſome of the firſt books of the Chriſtiad to him, Leo upon reading them complimented the author with the following diſtich,

'Cedite Romani ſcriptores cedite Graii
'Neſcio quid majus naſcitur Æneide.

'Yield Greeks and you that ſung of Latian kings,
'Here ſomething greater than an Æneid ſprings.

While Vida was thus employed he did not enjoy his retirement like a recluſe that had no taſte for ſociety;

for his houſe always lay open to men of learning and genius, in ſuch an hoſpitable and friendly manner that he rather ſeemed to give them ſomething which they had a right to, than to pay them a compliment which might be imputed to his generoſity.

During his reſidence at Tuſculum he loſt both his parents, almoſt as it were by one ſtroke of death; whoſe fate he piouſly laments in a poem dedicated to their memory; and, much about the ſame time, he was deprived of pope Leo, with whom for ſome time died the vigour and ſupport of our poet's ſtudies. But within the ſpace of two years (after the death of Adrian VI.) they revived again with the pontificate of Clemens VII, who inſiſted upon Vida's finiſhing the Chriſtiad, and, when it was compleated, patronized it in the moſt friendly manner, together with its author, with whom he had formerly been intimate and a fellow-ſtudent. Clemens, who followed the example of his predeceſſor Leo in rewarding men of learning, afterwards promoted Vida to the biſhoprick of Alba, to which he had been before nominated by Paulus III, who ſeems alſo to have intended further to promote him

him to the biſhoprick of Cremona, upon the death of cardinal Accolita, but to have died before he had him inſtalled in either; for his election to Cremona by the chapter of that cathedral ſtill appears in their regiſter in the following terms—'They have found none fitter 'than the reverend divine M. H. Vida, one ſo excel-'ling in all kinds of virtue and true piety as to de-'ſerve much greater honours. When he was raiſed to the ſacred dignity he lived ſome ſhort time at Rome with pope Clemens, after which neither the invitation of his patron, nor the hopes of greater preferment, could prevail upon him to continue there any longer, but, repairing to Alba, he applied himſelf diligently to the care of the flock with which he was intruſted, and was never afterward abſent from his ſee, except in thoſe troubled times when the war raged between Francis I. and the emperor Charles, when ſometimes the public calamities forced him from home. And here we muſt not omit mentioning an incident which, during that war, ſhewed that the ſame ſpirit which actuated his writings could alſo exert itſelf in defence of his country; for when the French troops were upon the point

of

of ſtorming Alba, having already gained the trenches, applied their ſcaling ladders, and entered ſome ſoldiers into the city; while the imperial troops were on all ſides giving ground, and ſecuring themſelves in the moſt fortified parts of the town, then both the courage and patriotiſm of their prelate ſhone forth, who, for a while laying aſide his ſacerdotal office, haſted to reſiſt the danger, rallied the citizens who were inviolably attached to him, led and encouraged them againſt the enemy whom they defeated and repulſed, and under his conduct ſaved themſelves from being plundered and put to the ſword.

The poems to which Vida ſubſcribed his name were his Divine Hymns, the Chriſtiad, his Art of Poetry, the Silkworm, the Poem on Cheſs, three Eclogues, and ſome Poems on various Subjects. Theſe were in his life time honoured with a place in the academy of Bulloign, and ſome of them have been ſince tranſlated both into the Engliſh, Italian, French and Spaniſh languages. He alſo wrote in proſe a treatiſe upon regulating a commonwealth, and ſome on religious ſubjects, but of the authentickneſs of theſe laſt there is no firm

firm aſſurance; yet it is certain that he was ſo eſteemed for having the welfare of religion at heart, as to be ſent to the council of Trent with near the ſame authority as the pope's legates, an office which he did not at all covet on account of its dignity, being in no ſort obnoxious to the allurements of either riches or titles. It would take too much time to mention his public works of charity, or the religious edifices that he built, renewed, or beautified; as alſo his acts of beneficence to the poor, numbers of whom he took care to have conſtantly ſupplied with food at his own houſe before he would ſit down to meat, in which he himſelf always obſerved great ſimplicity and temperance.

He died in a pious and eaſy manner, A. D. 1566. in the ninety-ſixth year of his age, lamented by the poor as their common father, and commemorated by his country with all the honours due to ſo great a man, as appears from the monument erected to him by the city of Cremona with the following inſcription:

M. HIER.

M. HIER. VIDÆ ALBÆ EPISCOPO,
QUEM PROBE OMNES NORUNT,
CIVITAS CREMONA DECRETO SEPULCHRO SUMPTU
PUB. CIVIT.
QUI DE UNIVERSA CIVITATE B. M. EST,
PARENTAVIT
V. A. N.
QUI, CUM QUIDQUID IN EGREGIUM HOMINEM
LAUDIS DICI POTEST,
IN EUM BENEFICIO NATURÆ FUERIT COLLATUM,
IMMORTALITATE ERAT DIGNUS,
NISI NATURÆ COMMUNIS CONDITIO OBSTITISSET.
VIVIT TAMEN ADHUC APUD NOS,
VIVETQUE ÆTERNUM AD POSTEROS BENEF.
JUCUNDISS.
AC PERPETUA RECORDATIONE.
QUI OMNIBUS ERGA GREGEM SIBI COMMISSUM
OFFICIIS FUNCTUS,
PIET. CHARIT. FIDE, CONST. PRÆCLARUS,
OMNIBUS CHARUS,
NEMINI NOXIUS, A NOBIS DISCESSIT,
SUO MAGIS, QUAM ALIORUM
TEMPORE.
QUI NON SOLUM PIE ET SANCTE DEUM COLUIT,
SED ITA ETIAM CECINIT, UT IN COELO LOCUM,
UBI BEATUS
ÆVO SEMPITERNO FRUATUR,
ET IN TERRIS ÆTERNAM SIBI GLORIAM,
MAXIMO OMNIUM MORTALIUM FRUCTU,
COMPARARIT.
OBIIT ANNO MDLXVI.
XXII SEPTEMBRIS.

TO MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA BISHOP OF ALBA,
A MAN WELL KNOWN TO THE WORLD,
THE CITY OF CREMONA, DECREEING AT THE PUBLIC EXPENCE
A SEPULCHRE TO ITS MUCH DESERVING CITIZEN
PERFORMS ITS LAST DUTIES.
WHO, BEING ENDOWED BY NATURE
WITH EVERY GREAT AND WORTHY ACCOMPLISHMENT,
SEEMED ALSO TO DESERVE IMMORTALITY FROM HER,
WERE IT NOT ORDAINED
THAT ALL MEN MUST DIE.
NEVERTHELESS HE STILL LIVES AMONG US,
AND WILL LIVE TO LATEST POSTERITY
IN THE PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE
OF HIS MOST GOOD AND TENDER OFFICES.
WHO HAVING FULFILLED ALL THE DUTIES WHICH HE OWED
TO THE FLOCK HE WAS INTRUSTED WITH,
LEFT US AT A TIME RATHER FIT FOR HIMSELF
THAN OTHERS;
EMINENT FOR PIETY, CHARITY, FAITH AND CONSTANCY,
VOID OF OFFENCE, DEAR TO ALL;
WHO NOT ONLY SO SINCERELY AND DEVOUTLY SERVED GOD,
BUT ALSO SO CELEBRATED HIM IN SONG,
AS TO GAIN A PLACE EVER TO ENJOY HIM
IN HEAVEN,
AND, TO THE ADVANTAGE OF ALL MANKIND,
A FAME UNPERISHABLE
ON EARTH.
DIED SEPT. 17. ANNO DOM. 1566.

His ſtature was tall, his countenance elevated, and his mein grave, with a mixture that produced at once both love and veneration. There are ſome medals extant with his image and name on one ſide and on the reverſe Pegaſus with this inſcription—Quos amarunt Dii—The favourites of the Gods. In other medals the reverſe has this motto—Non ſtemma ſed virtus—Not titles but virtue. His picture has a place in many public repoſitories of learning, and among the reſt in the duke of Tuſcany's library; his writings have been admired by men of the fineſt taſte, and even commended by ſome of the ſevereſt critics, being of all the moderns the likeſt to Virgil's, both in elegance and ſimplicity.

The

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST BOOK.

The uſe of ſilkworms long undiſcovered. Line 21—*In ſome countries ſpin abroad on the trees.* 35—*With us muſt be kept in houſes.* 47—*The time and manner of hatching their eggs.* 71—*The form of the ſilkhouſe, and ſhelves upon which they feed; with cautions againſt birds and vermin.* 121—*What food muſt be ſubſtituted when the mulberry leaves ſhall happen to fail.* 251—*Silkworms to be kept clean.* 315—*Their ſleep.* 341—*Obſervations when they are ready to ſpin.* 383—*Their manner of ſpinning.* 411—*Their diſappearance in the ſilkballs.* 439—*Epiſode of Venus who inſtructed by Saturn firſt taught their uſe in the Eaſt.* 449.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ BOMBYCUM,

AD

ISABELLAM ESTENSEM,
MARCHIONISSAM MANTUÆ,

LIBER PRIMUS.

QUOS mores, quas aut parvis reptantibus artes
Juppiter addiderit, quæ fila tenacia Serum
Ore vomunt saturæ, vos mecum evolvite Nymphæ
Seriades: vos lanifici gregis aurea nôstis
Munera, quæ pater Italiæ prior intulit olim

Serius,

THE

SILKWORM.

TRANSLATED FROM

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.

BOOK the FIRST.

WHAT pow'rs of nature, and what wond'rous arts,
Jove's bounty to an inſect race imparts,
Who plenteous on their leafy paſture fed,
Diſgorge the tough extent of ſilky thread,
Unfold ye nymphs that haunt the Serian ſtream,
For not untutor'd you aſſiſt the theme,

Taught

Serius, huc patriis Serum devectus ab oris.

Tuque ades, & noſtro ſuccurre ISABELLA labori,

Nympha, Padi in ripa magnis è regibus orta,

Quæ gentem pulchrâ auxiſti pulcherrima prole

GONSAGAM; exiguis ades huc non aſpera cœptis.

Et vos ô placidæ properate, ubi quæque puellæ:

Veſtrum opus hoc, veſtros faciles hìc diſcite cultus.

Id tineæ in ſylvis, multis volventibus annis,

Gentibus ignotum vixit genus: aurea fruſtra

Edebant opera umbriferis pendentia ramis:

Nam pluviæ, lateque immites omnia venti

Vaſtabant, tenui nec honos, nec gloria filo

Ulla erat: in ſylvis ceu quondam more ferarum

Degebant

Taught by your parent Serius, you can trace
The golden labours of the ſpinſter race,
With him the Serian arts to Latium came,
And chang'd their climate but preſerv'd their name.
And thou Auguſta, ſprung from royal blood
Where Saxon Weſer rolls its infant flood,
Illuſtrious Nymph, from whom the Britons trace
Their pledge of empire in a beauteous race,
Indulgent ſmile upon the ſlender lay,
And blend inſpiring looks with Pæan's ray.
And haſten to the taſk each beauteous maid
That grace the city or the rural ſhade,
Your labour to the pleaſing taſk is due,
The willing inſect ſpins, and toils for you.

Long thro' the woods the puny tribes had flown,
Rank'd with the common moths of race unknown;
Their labours, rudely on the branches twin'd,
Droop'd with the rains, and floated with the wind;

No

Degebant homines, antiquo robore nati;
Nondum urbes, nondum certos gens dura penates
Noverat, aut ullas vitam excoluiſſe per artes.
Verùm poſtquam homini divini eſt muneris uſus
Traditus, in tectis atque intra ſepta domorum
Sylveſtres tineas alere, atque impendere curam
Cœpit; opes multi hinc ad ſummas emerſere.
Quamvis eſſe aliquas etiam nunc fertur in oris
Longè aliis gentes, quæ nondum in tecta relatas
Per lucos errare ſinunt, nulloque labore
Fila ſuo carpunt oneratis mollia ramis.
Namque malo aſſuetæ arboribus frondentibus illæ
Pubentes ſylvas, & quæque tenerrima carpunt,
Injuſſæque inſtant operi: non horrida multùm
Flabra nocent, neque proviſi prudentibus imbres.

Quippe

No honours to their fruitleſs works were paid,
Unus'd, unnotic'd hung the ſilver thread:
So man's firſt hardy race, without abodes,
Unſocial rang'd and ſavage thro' the woods,
E'er families were known or lands aſſign'd,
Or induſtry and arts had form'd the mind.
But when at laſt the gift divine began,
Fam'd for its uſe, to grow the care of man,
The ſylvan moths in domes ſecure were ſtow'd,
And wealth redundant from their labours flow'd.
Tho' yet in other regions far remov'd,
As fame reports, they wander unimprov'd;
Wild thro' the woods their ſilky down diſplay,
And ſwains untoiling bear their works away:
There nurs'd in hardſhip to the branch they cling,
Crop the green leaf, and nip the budding ſpring;
There unaſſiſted work, nor greatly dread
The ſtorm foreſeen impending o'er their head;

Quippe ubi ſenſerunt in nubes aera cogi,
Diffugiunt trepidæ, foliiſque ſub omnibus hærent;
Securæque hyemis velut alta ex arce ſonantes
Accipiunt Auſtros, pulſataque robora nimbis.
Sed tu ne, moneo, in ſylvis permitte vagari
Incuſtoditas, nec curam adhibere recuſa
In tectis: hujus non gratia parva laboris.
Haud longum tempus fluet, & jam ſtamine multo
Dives eris, filoque ibis ſpectabilis aureo.
Principio, ne te lateat quæ tradita agendæ
Sint illis vitæ ſpatia: brevis omnibus ætas:
Vix ulli lunæ completur tertius orbis;
Et nunquam ex ſeſe prolem videre creatam.
Intereunt omnes, pecus occidit omne quotannis;
Et cunctam evertunt fera fata ab origine gentem.

Immortale

For, when the thick'ning tempeſt loads the ſky,
Swift to their leafy ſheds forewarn'd they fly,
Securely there avoid the ruſhing ſhow'rs,
And winds that harmleſs ſhake their branchy bow'rs.
But you be wiſe, nor let th' induſtrious broods
Untended wander thro' the devious woods,
Nor grudge the care that helps the tender ſwarm
In ſhelter'd roofs to ſhun the driving ſtorm;
The grateful labourer ſhall reward your aid
With ſhining robes, and heaps of golden thread.
Now firſt obſerve to what determin'd date,
The period of their lives is fix'd by fate:
Few are their days, to death an early prey,
They ſcarce behold three changing moons decay;
No tender pledges of their love they ſhare,
Extinct before they know a parent's care;
And each returning year beholds no trace,
No living relick of the numerous race;

Immortale tamen reſtat genus his, neque morti
Eſt penitus locus; æternùm nam ſemina durant.
Ceu quondam ſylvæ ſi forte aut frigore diro,
Aut æſtu areſcant ſummæ; tamen abdita quædam
Vitalis ſuperat vis in radicibus imis;
Et, trunco exciſo, nova vere repullulat arbos.
Non ſecus extinctis bombycibus annuus ortus:
Uſque nova in regnis proles ſuccedit avitis.
Ne verò ante diem, ſed tempeſtiva creata
Sit ſoboles; veto ne revoces in luminis oras
Progeniem extinctam, attonſis cùm gramina campis
Nondum ulla, aut frondes apparent arbore nullæ.
Antè nova incipiat morus revirescere ſylvâ:
Neve fames teneris, neve obſint frigora alumnis.

Ipſi

Yet, in their ſeeds, reviving tribes elude
The hand of fate, and ſee their name renew'd.
As when a total growth of foreſt dies,
Parch'd up by thirſt or chill'd by rigorous ſkies,
The vegetating ſoul, expell'd each ſhoot,
Retires unſeen, and ſleeps within the root;
And, when the ſtem has felt the axe's blade,
With ſpring revives, and rears an infant ſhade:
The ſilky nations, thus repleniſh'd, reign
Heirs to their parents thro' the green domain.

But, not untimely let their eggs diſplay
The tender embryo to the face of day,
Leſt the burſt ſhell your families unfold
Expos'd to famine's rage, or pinching cold,
While ev'ry foreſt leafleſs ſtands, and bare,
And fields uncloath'd yet dread the wintry air.
Firſt let the mulberry's late verdure bring
The certain ſignals of a ſettled ſpring,

Ipſi etiam morum agricolæ, ne tempora fallant,
Obſervare ſolent: nam cùm ſeſe illa virentem
Induit in frondem, noſtris tum protinus oris
Exceſſiſſe hyemem, & manes abiiſſe ſub imos
Nil dubitant; nec ſæva ultra pecorive ſatiſve
Frigorave, glaciemve timent, canamve pruinam.
Præterea tibi: lunaï gelidæ incrementa
Sunt ſervanda: ſeneſcentis fuge tempora læva:
Nec tum etiam liquidis cùm ſeſe nuper ab undis
Extulit Oceani, pallenteſque humida vultus
Oſtendit, gracili incedens per inania cornu,
Utile erit teneros ovis excludere fœtus.
Expecta, cùm plena animis, cùm lumine largo
Solis ab igne tumens, altumque per æthera vecta,
Carpit iter, fratremque audet ſe attollere contra.

Tum

For, hence inform'd, the wary peaſant ſhuns
The falſe allurement of untimely ſuns:
But ſoon as its expanding leaves appear
He marks the turning period of the year,
When hoary winter from the climate flies
To rule the regions of the nether ſkies,
And ſwains no longer dread his iron reign,
But fearleſs flocks poſſeſs the flow'ry plain.
Nor leſs the moon demands thy watchful ſight
To note the changes of her chilly light,
Beware th' unlucky moments of the wane,
'Tis fatal then to hatch the ſhelly grain;
Or then when firſt her ſlender horns advance
With watry paleneſs thro' the void expanſe;
Expect till tumid from the ſolar rays
Her orb full-gleaming ſpreads its yellow blaze,
And, high-exalted in th' æthereal ſpace,
With rival glory views her brother's face:

Then

Tum fas fœturæ, tum juſtum incumbere tempus :
Quandoquidem validas creſcenti a lumine vires
Semina concipiunt genitalia : tum favet æther,
Majoremque trahunt naſcentia membra vigorem.
Quo foveas autem pacto : mos ipſe fovendi
Haud ſimplex. Sunt quæ calido ſub ſole relinquunt
Ova, recens donec fœtus in luminis auras
Prodierit : tu conde ſinu velamine tecta,
Nec pudeat roſeas inter foviſſe papillas,
Si te tangit honos, & flavi gloria fili.
Cumque dies alterque dies proceſſerit, ecce,
Cernere erit formis animantia fervere miris.
Ante opus omne tamen pete matutina Deorum
Limina, ferque preces ſupplex, diviſque litato
Auſpicibus cunctorum operum, cùm manè ſacerdos
Sinceram Cererem, & Lenæum libat honorem.

Necnon,

Then haſte the birth, and let the quickning ſhell,
Foſter'd beneath the genial planet ſwell,
The ſkies then teem with influential pow'r,
And ſhed their vigour on the natal hour.
The life-warm ſeeds are hatch'd by diff'rent ways,
Some let them baſk beneath the ſolar rays,
Some from themſelves a milder heat impart
Near the warm region of the lab'ring heart.
Nor let the virgin bluſh if, gently preſs'd,
They lye ſoft nurtur'd in her roſy breaſt,
While ſtudious of the prize, by glory led,
She courts the wages of the golden thread:
Few days thus cheriſh'd, lo! the fervid ſwarms,
Burſting to life, ſhall move in wond'rous forms.
But firſt, before your work begins, repair
To heav'n's propitious ſhrine with ſuppliant pray'r,
While early ſtands the prieſt prepar'd to pour
The gifts of wine ſincere, and hallow'd flour;

Necnon, lanicii florem, velamina prima
Suſpendes templis : avertunt omnia fœtu
Munere placati Superi mala, frigora, & æſtus,
Et quæ multa ſolent bombyci inſtare pericla.
Interea populi ſedes, & tecta futuris
Ipſe novare jube, tabulataque victa ſenectâ.
Non aptæ ſine ſole domus, ſine luce penates.
Sed duplices recta lumen regione feneſtræ
Admittant, quarum ſurgentes altera Phœbi
Spectet equos, feſſos contrà altera jamque cadentes.
Tum vitri pellucentes opponere quadras
Hinc atque hinc jubeo, lini aut firmiſſima texta,
Ut neque concutiant venti, neque nubila nimbis
Conſpergant, obſitque intus penetrabile frigus.

Nec

And let the firſtlings of your ſilken down,
Your choiceſt woof, their ſacred temples crown;
With off'rings thus appeas'd the Gods withhold
Their plagues of ſcorching heat, and deadly cold,
And bind the rage of many-mouth'd diſeaſe
Which various on the tender inſect preys.
Mean while the manſions of your future brood,
Shatter'd by waſteful time, ſhou'd be renew'd;
Nor let a dark and doleſome ſtation ſhade
Th' enliv'ning light, and ſun's fructific aid;
A double op'ning ſhou'd his rays receive,
Both when he riſes vig'rous from the wave,
And when his courſers droop with languid heads
Prone from the ſkies, and ſeek their watry beds.
But guard your windows from the ſubtle air
With thin-ſpread canvaſs, or the glaſſy ſquare,
Leſt ruffling ſtorms diſturb the floating thread,
Or piercing cold the tender flock invade.

Nec poſtrema fuit cautis prætendere cura
Retia rara : avium inſidias, & callida furta
Averte : illudit paſſer cuſtodibus olim
Improbus, illudit chortis criſtata volucris :
Dant ſtragem paſſim roſtris immitibus, implentque
Ingluviem, ac vivo viva abdunt corpora buſto.
Nec, quibus eſt tineæ felicis copia multa,
Parietibus ſedem affigunt, ſed quatuor æquis
Tectorum in medio erectis hinc inde columnis
Plurima ſuſpendunt tabulata ; aulæque per altos
Surgunt mille gradus, digeſtæque ordine ſedes.
Tuque etiam, variæ ut nequeant irrepere peſtes,
Parietis antiqui vitium ne neglige ſegnis ;
Sed calce, aut creta linito, atque anguſta viarum

Nor ſhou'd your cautious hand forget to place
The net's thin texture for the feather'd race;
The pilf'ring ſparrow, and the creſted cock
From ſecret ambuſh oft attack your flock,
Dire havock thro' the ſuff'ring nation make,
Inſatiate feaſting, while the reſtleſs beak
Supplies whate'er voracious hunger craves,
And panting morſels ſink in living graves.
Nor ſhou'd the owners of a num'rous race
Near walls the ſtations of their labours place;
But, in the manſions middle ſpace, ſhou'd riſe
Four columns fix'd erect of equal ſize,
And ſhelves throng-ſtory'd to their tops aſpire,
Exactly rang'd in well-proportion'd tire.
Nor yet neglect the flaws which time has wrought
In antient walls, with various vermin fraught,
But firm with lime cement each narrow path,
And fear each creviſe as the road of death;

Here

Quæque time: mus ſepe cavis ſeſe abdidit imis,
Luce latens; at cùm in tenebris cinis occulit ignem
Sopitum, indulgetque gravi cuſtodia ſomno;
Improbus egreditur tutis ad furta latebris,
Et citus irreptat tabulis, ſævitque per omnes
Cæde madens aulas, prædamque avertit ab altis
Porticibus ſatur, atque cavis epulatur in antris.
Molire inſidias, deceptum carcere claude,
Ignaruſque doli ipſe ſibimet vincula nectat,
Dum petit oſtenſam confidentiſſimus eſcam.
Quædam etiam trabibus, quibus omnis machina rectis
Nititur, auxiliantur, & imas ſentibus armant,
Sentibus, & tribulis, ac juniperi hirſutæ
Vulnificos addunt gladios; circùm undique ut hoſtis

Indeprenſus

Here lurks the robber mouſe, conceal'd till night
Obſcure in embers wraps each ſleeping light,
But when ſecure the weary'd guardians lie,
And heavy ſlumber loads the languid eye,
Th' audacious felon then forſakes his home,
Aſcends your ſhelves, and fierce o'er all the dome
Rages in blood, and rich with rapine haſtes
To his dark cell, and there ſecurely feaſts:
Let ſnares deceive him, and let priſons wait
In hoſpitable guiſe, with artful bait,
Here ſhackled let the bold intruder toil,
Himſelf the captive while he ſought for ſpoil.
Some guard the poſts on which the ſhelves are borne
In wreaths of thiſtles wrap'd, or pointed thorn,
Or juniper, whoſe prickly branch affords
Its uſeful bulwark arm'd with threatful ſwords;
That thus the ſubtle foe may be compell'd,
Altho' he 'ſcape your watchful eye conceal'd,

Thro'

Indeprenſus eat ſaltem per vulnera mille,
Nec referat captam multo niſi ſanguine prædam.
Verùm age, vix tenebras pepulit lux tertia rebus,
Ecce, ſinu incipiunt tepido calefacta moveri
Semina; jam viſenda novis animalia formis
Irrepunt, paſſimque albis mantilibus errant.
Nec verò jam tum hæc thalamis ſublimibus infer.
Exiguus primùm capiet ſobolem locus omnem;
Corpora deinde auctæ cunabula prima relinquent:
Tum cunctam in populos, in vicos divide gentem,
Diviſaſque dabis ſedes, ſecretaque regna.
Nec ſatis hoc ſemel: at quoties his arcta videbis
Eſſe domus ſpatia, augentur dum corpora cuique,
Has toties legere, inque novas diducere ſedes

Thro' many painful wounds to reach his prey,
Nor pleas'd nor bloodleſs bear the prize away.

But come, for now the third ſucceſſive light
Has reſcu'd nature from the frown of night,
When lo! the foſter'd eggs, maturely warm,
Unfold and pour to life the burſting ſwarm;
O'er the white lawn, a wond'rous-faſhion'd throng,
They lie in crouds, or curling move along:
But range the newborn nations by themſelves,
Nor let them yet attempt the lofty ſhelves
Till timely nurture vig'rous ſtrength creates,
And prompts the race to leave their natal ſeats:
Then ſend your nations forth to realms aſſign'd,
And claſs each tribe in proper tracts confin'd:
Nor ſhou'd this labour once perform'd ſuffice,
But ſtill, as you obſerve their growing ſize,
So often eaſe each region of its load,
And ſend ſelected colonies abroad;

Ne dubita, donec tabulas impleveris omnes.
Nec tamen interea parvas non paſcere oportet.
Ut primùm hauſerunt cœli auras, pabula poſcunt,
Aſſueſcunt jam tum dapibus, menſaſque requirunt.
Sed prodeſt, nondum thalamos experta puella
Prima manu tenera teneras ſi paſcat alumnas.
Primam autem mori pubem, atque tenerrima ſemper
Quæq; legunt, dum grex tener eſt, atque inſcius ævi.
Continuò veterum veluti memor ille parentum
Agnoſcit veſcas frondes, ipſaſque recentes
Depoſcit: nam ſi plenis ſerventur in horreis
Heſternæ, dulcis ſucci corrumpitur aura,
Et ſapor ingratus ſubit, atque inamabilis hauſtu.
Manè petunt igitur ſylvas, et quæque reportant
Pabula lecta die famulæ, gratumque laborem

Sortitæ

'Till all the num'rous families complete
Fill the large dome, and people every ſeat.
Mean time, not careleſs of your helpleſs brood,
Supply their early wants with plenteous food;
Soon as they breath they crave the green repaſt,
And grow familiar, with their future feaſt:
But now ſelect the ſoft unwedded maid
To lend your infant flock her tender aid,
The mulberry's firſt ſhoots, with juicy buds
Cull'd by her hand, ſhall pleaſe the feeble broods,
While early, by inſtinctive hunger led,
They ſeek the paſture where their parents fed.
Yet ſtore not up their foliage long for uſe,
For time abſorbs its ſweetly-flavour'd juice,
And that which yeſterday ſupply'd the feaſt
To day grows ſtale, and nauſeous to the taſte:
But let your maidens to the woods repair
Each morning, and divide the pleaſing care;

Sortitæ inter ſe, folia illibata caniſtris
Expediunt; legit illa, domum fert altera lecta,
Inſtaurant aliæ menſas, epulaſque miniſtrant:
Pabula larga ſuperjaciunt pecus omne tegentes.
Protinus emergunt tineæ, folioque jacenti
Victrices ſuper aſſiſtunt, omniſque juventus
Veſcitur, atque avidæ dapibus implentur opimis.
Fit ſtrepitus longè: qualem olim ſæpe ſolemus,
Cùm pluit, in tecto clauſis audire feneſtris.
Nec mora, nec requies: properant, & grandia morſu
Attondent folia emenſæ, redeuntque, iterumque
Incumbunt, longam nequeunt explerier alvum,
Dum ſuperant frondes, & plenæ pabula menſæ.
Tuque ideo parcis epulas moderare caniſtris,
Terque die tantùm paſces: nam prodiga cunctam

Si

Some cull expert th' unſully'd leaves, and ſome
Heap the thin baſkets, and convey them home;
While others, various fix'd, their aid afford
To rule the banquet, and ſupply the board:
O'er all the brood the light-ſpread verdure lies,
And hides the crouded nation from your eyes;
But, ſwift emerging forth, unnumber'd ſwarms
O'er the broad leaves advance their curling forms,
And, ſpread on ev'ry plant, with eager haſte,
Enjoy the dainties of their verdant feaſt;
A ruſtling noiſe is heard like driving rain
Which ruſhes on the windows glaſſy plain;
No reſpite intervenes, keen hunger ſhaves
The fibres cloſe, and clips the leſſ'ning leaves;
Reviving appetite renews the feaſt,
Nor can the mouth ſupply their eager haſte.
Then moderate their food in baſkets light
Diſpens'd, and only thrice from morn till night;

Si frondem ſimul effundas, ſine more dapeſque
Accumules, menſaſque oneres, avertitur ultro
Ingratam ſaturum morum pecus, atque repentè
Ipſa parit largi faſtidia copia victûs.
Paulatim invita; metuant ſibi pabula ſemper
Deficere, expectentque dapes: priùs injice ludens
Frondem unam, ac certare ſine; illæ protinus omnes
Arrexere animos cupidæ, prædamque capeſſunt
Certatim, pariterque ingens ſubit ardor edendi.
Tum demum ſolitas epulas effunde caniſtris,
Dum dapis optatæ fuerit compreſſa libido.
Sed ne longa fames noceat tamen, aſpice prudens,
Dum nimiùm differs epulas, & gaudia menſæ.
Nam ſoliti impaſtis ſi deſit copia victûs,
Nulla mora eſt, miſeras macies deformat iniqua:

Pabula

For if inceſſant, on the loaded board,
Continu'd heaps continual feaſts afford,
Sated at length they ſurfeit on the ſtore,
And ſhun the dainties which they ſought before:
Invite them by degrees with coy delay,
And hungry let th' expecting nation ſtay
Afraid of want: then firſt, in ſportive mood,
Throw ſingle leaves, and let them ſtrive for food;
The crouds immediate, in tumultuous fray,
Impatient ruſh, and ſeize the ſcanty prey;
Their eager appetites excited riſe,
And round they ſearch for more with longing eyes;
Then from your heap produce their uſual ſtore
Till the keen point of hunger pricks no more.
Yet guard leſt, hinder'd of their due repaſt,
The ſuff'ring nation bear too long a faſt,
While famine raging thro' the ghaſtly race
Stamps its deforming hand on ev'ry face;

Exhauſted

Pabula deinde parum exhauſtis duplicare juvabit;
Et vix longa dies lapſas in priſtina reddet:
Dira fames adeò nocet, ac penuria edendi.
Quin etiam haud parvi mutari pabula refert.
Eſt bicolor morus; bombyx veſcetur utraque,
Utraque grata illi: cui verò aſſuerit, eandem,
Nigra albenſve ſuat, nullo diſcrimine amabit;
Quamvis Auſoniis laudetur nigra puellis.
Fortè etiam ſi deficiant folia omnia mori,
Et ſubitò ſylvæ (Dii talem avertite caſum,)
Thisbææ areſcant nimio æſtu, aut frigore, quæris
Quaſnam tum, pereant ne res tibi funditus omnes,
Bombyci jubeam legere, & ſummittere frondes.
Orandi Superi eveniant ne talia nobis.

Exhauſted thus by penury of food,
The plenteous banquet is in vain beſtow'd,
Scarce length of time ſhall cure the dire diſeaſe,
So deep the dreadful rage of hunger preys.
Beſides, it much avails your puny gueſts
That ſkilful change diverſifie their feaſts;
Two diff'rent mulberrys adorn the groves,
And both are grateful to the ſilky droves,
Whether in purple fruits or white array'd,
Tho' purple pleaſes beſt th'Auſonian maid.
Now if by chance (the Gods prevent ſuch harm!)
The mulberry ſhould wholly fail your ſwarm,
And Thisbe's grove, by thirſt extreme or cold
Subdu'd, its ſhrivel'd leaves no more unfold;
Then learn what other food to ſubſtitute,
And ſave your flocks by plants of kindly ſhoot.
(Firſt heav'n ſhould be entreated to withhold
Such dire misfortunes from the ſuff'ring fold)

Si tamen urgeris, conſcendat robora paſtor
Ulmea per ſylvas, & ſumma cacumina carpat.
His etenim arboribus multùm eſt affinis origo.
Jamque ideo agricolæ morum didicere per agros
Inſerere umbroſæ ramis ingentibus ulmi;
Et ſteriles ſylvæ nunc dant bicoloria mora.
Sunt aliæ, quæ, ſi fœtus ſibi naſcitur antè
Quàm Thisbæa novis adoleſcat frondibus arbos,
Urticamque ruboſque legunt, dum plurimus humor
Vere ſubeſt: at tu teneris tunc parce puellis;
Crura, manuſque arment facito: nec robora dura
Aſcendat permitte in ſylvis innuba virgo:
Verùm operum patiens anus, & cui durior annis
Sit cutis, (ingratæ facilis jactura ſenectæ,)

Munere

But, urg'd by famine, let the ſhepherd croud
Aſcend the vig'rous elms thro' ev'ry wood,
And nip their tender buddings near ally'd
To thoſe which blaſting ſeaſons have deny'd;
For elms are ſaid to bear the grafted ſhoots
Of Thisbe's tree, and bend with foreign fruits.
Others there are who, if their broods are born
Ere blooming ſpring the mulberry adorn,
Commit their nurſelings to the bramble's uſe,
Or nettle ſwelling with nutritious juice:
But now in pity guard your maiden bands
Leſt the rude ſhrub ſhou'd wound their tender hands;
Nor let the virgin delicate and ſoft
Tempt the rough-rinded branch, or climb aloft,
But chooſe ſome matron ſeaſon'd well with years,
Of hardy mold, nor teiz'd with virgin fears,
To riſk her ſkin againſt the knotty trees,
For age neglects ſuch accidents as theſe,

Munere fungatur tali ; ne ſorte quis altis
Egreſſus ſylvis ſatyrorum è gente procaci
Suſpiciat, teneræque pudor notet ora puellæ.
Illa quoque in primis cura eſt, ut pabula ſemper
Sicca legant, nullaque fluant aſpergine ſylvæ
Aut pluviæ, aut roris nocturni ; quippe venenum
Sæpe fuit, quamvis tenuis, bombycibus humor.
Nunquam igitur, cum nox horis ſilet intempeſtis,
Accedant ſylvam : expectent dum gurgite Eoæ
Tethyos exierit, ſurſumque eduxerit omnem
Collectum noctis humorem purpureus ſol,
Et jam tres ſcandens ſupera alta peregerit horas.
Quòd ſi fortè etiam fuerit tunc humida ſylva,
Ut potes, è foliis ſtillantem decute rorem.

Profuit,

Leſt ſome intruder of the ſatyr croud
In gameſome frolic iſſuing from the wood,
Should raiſe his prying eye with wanton flame,
And ſtain the virgin's cheeks with marks of ſhame.
But now, whatever foliage you provide,
Chooſe that which ſkies ſerenely pure have dry'd;
Guiltleſs of ſpot, and free from ev'ry blight
Of miſts polluting, or the vapour'd night;
For often, tho' the ſprinkling drops be few,
A ſubtle poiſon lodges in the dew:
Then forage not, when now the night's bleak hours
Deſcend in damps upon the ſilent bow'rs,
But patient tarry till the purple blaze
Of Phœbus, wheeling round from eaſtern ſeas,
Has near aſcended his meridian height,
And drain'd away the vapours of the night,
When yet, if any dropping dew adheres,
Shake the moiſt leaves, and dry their midnight tears.

Nor

Profuit, & ſiquando matutina pruina
Perſtrinxit teneras frondes, oſtendere ſoli
Cratibus impoſitas, & frigora vincere flammis.
Cumque tibi fuerint ſuſpecti denique nimbi,
Appropera, calathos cape, moros ſcande, miniſtras
Voce voca, mitte in ſylvas, ſine lege legunto
Obvia quæque, penum foliis atque horrea comple;
Ne, dum ſævit hyems, perdant jejunia pubem
Lanivomam, at parta ſecuræ fronde fruantur.
Quòd ſi adeò ſubitum citò non prævideris imbrem,
Ne turpi rigeat macieque, fameque ſeneſcat
Omne pecus, validos in ſylvas mitte colonos,
Qui tibi, utraque manu, nunc huc, nunc robora & illuc
Crebra agitent, frondem patulis tu impone caniſtris
Rorantem,

Nor is it uſeleſs, if the morning hoar
Has cruſted all the ſtiffen'd foliage o'er,
To ſpread it thin before the ſunny beam
On hurdles, and ſubdue the froſt with flame;
But rather, when you fear the low'ring cloud,
Be ſpeedy, ſnatch your baſkets, call the croud,
Haſte to the woods, and heap the verdant ſtore
Till your large veſſels can contain no more;
Securely thus your flocks ſhall be ſupply'd,
Nor fear the ſhow'ry deluge raging wide.
But if the cloud ſwift burſting from the ſky
Prevents the preſage of your watchful eye,
Let not the nation therefore droop ſubdu'd,
Liſtleſs and lean from penury of food;
But tho' the flagging verdure droop with rain,
Thro' the wide foreſt ſend the ſturdy ſwain
With ſinewy arms to ſhake the quiv'ring wood,
And eaſe the foliage of its humid load;

Then

Rorantem, quando fatis urgemur acerbis.
At labor interea famulas exerceat alter.
Cura ſit heſternæ ſemeſas tollere menſæ
Relliquias, tabuliſque immundam avertere ventris
Proluviem: manè, ante pecus quàm pabula guſtet,
Tergendæ ſedes, & gramine perverrendæ.
Tum Bacchi irrorant gratum bene olentis odorem,
Purgatiſque abigunt tabulis triſtem omnibus auram.
Hinc leviter digito medicatis ſedibus omnes
Traducunt cœtus, lætos melioribus auris;
Nec ſuper extremas errare licentiùs oras
Permittunt, ſemper media ad penetralia cogunt,
Præcipiteſque timent lapſus, altaſque ruinas.
Huic generi facilis leti via: protinus ægras
Delapſæ effundunt animas, lucemque relinquunt.

Siqua

Then pluck the reeking leaves, and homeward bear,
Reſtrain'd from better food by fate ſevere.
Mean time another taſk employs your maids
Whoſe careful hands remove the wither'd ſhreds
Of banquets paſt, and cleanly ſweep away
All dregs unſeemly of the former day;
While purg'd from noiſome ſmells with fragrant wine,
And rub'd with ſcented hay the tables ſhine;
And this each morning's buſineſs, e'er your brood
Be ſerv'd with freſh ſupplies of verdant food:
Then gently ſhifted let your nations ſhare
Their manſions freſh perfum'd with wholſome air;
But here confine them to the midmoſt ſpace,
Nor let their wand'ring tribes licentious trace
The outmoſt verges of their lofty ſeats,
Where headlong ruin on their roving waits;
The tender race, to death an eaſy prey,
Pant out their lives and quit the beam of day;

Siqua tamen ſupereſt, & cœli veſcitur aura,
Poſt caſum inſpicito: nam ſi pars corporis ulla eſt
Læſa tibi deprenſa, aliarum ſedibus ultro
Projice, nec fruſtra libeat tibi paſcere inertem.
Nullam operam omnino, nullum expectabis ab illa
Certum opus: ignavum deducet inutilis ævum;
Et comitum egregias tantùm mirabitur artes.
Sæpe etiam impaſtas averti pabula cernes,
Sopitaſque gravi veluti torpere veterno
In tabulis: hìc parce metu, ne corpora morbus
Fortè aliquis, gentemque lues invaſerit ægram.
Hunc illis morem, natura hunc ipſa ſoporem
Addidit; indulgent ſomno, ſtratiſque quieſcunt,
Sopitiſque dies alter tranſibit, & alter.
Cùm verò expulerit noctem lux tertia rebus,

Conſurgent,

And ev'n tho' ſome eſcape the cruſhing death,
And move, and ſtill enjoy the food of breath,
Strict view them o'er, and if the ſlighteſt wound
Inflicted on the tender ſkin be found,
Remove them quickly from the ſounder flock,
Nor uſeleſs let them waſte the common ſtock;
No thrifty labours ſhall your cares repay,
Inactive they ſhall waſte their lives away,
Pining admire their fellows ſilky ſtore,
And arts which never ſhall employ them more.

Beſide, you ſhall at times behold the brood
Lethargic ſlumbring, careleſs of their food,
But quit your fears, for no contagious harm,
Nor any miſchief hence attends your ſwarm;
'Tis nature's work, two circling days ſhall keep
The nation thus refreſh'd in friendly ſleep,
But when the third has dawn'd with chearing light,
And op'ning landſcapes dropt the maſk of night,

Conſurgent, lætæque ad pabula nota redibunt.
Ergo illas tumidas jubeo obſervare, (nec ingens
Nôſſe labor,) ne improviſus ſopor occupet: ultro
Signa dabunt ipſæ: cœlo capita ardua tollent
Arrectæ, ſpernentque dapes: tum pigra notabis
Corda, animos reſides, inſueta ſilentia menſis.
Non tamen adveniet ſomnus ſimul omnibus idem:
Inſomnes aliquæ vigilant, dum turba quieſcit
Cætera, nondum aptæ, teneros quibus alliget artus
Irrepens ſopor; advenient ſua tempora & illis,
Atque omnes tandem demittent lumina ſomno.
Cura ſit interea inſomnes legere, atque vagantes,
Secretaſque aliis aliam citò transfer in aulam.
Sopitæ ſtabulent ſimul: his par omnibus ætas.
Unà operi incumbent, & eodem tempore ſeſe

Artubus

The waking gueſts, with appetite renew'd,
Joyful and ſtrong ſhall crop their uſual Food.
Yet watch them well, leſt unproviſion'd ſleep
Shou'd on the hungry fold untimely creep;
With previous ſigns their tumid bodies lie
Inactive, while their heads are rais'd on high;
No more the ſounds of revel rouſe the feaſt,
But ſtagnant ſloth uſurps the lazy breaſt:
Yet not at once benum'd the nation lies
Part ſleep, and part withhold their watchful eyes,
Till firm with riper age and ſtrength'ning food
They too ſhall ſink beneath the charmful God.
Mean time diſtinct let ſep'rate lodges keep
The waking tribes, from thoſe conſign'd to ſleep,
For theſe, of equal ſtrength, and equal age,
Shall all together in their taſks engage;
Freed of their groſſer limbs ſhall take their flight,
Together wing'd, and range the fields of light.

But

Artubus exolvent ſupera ad convexa volantes.
Dumque Deus ſtratis thalamiſve ſilentibus ales
Regnat, Lethæo perfundens corpora rore ;
Pabula ſubtrahito ſolita, frondemque negato.
Nam tumidæ interea renovant torpentia alumnæ
Corpora, & exuvias veteres, ac tegmina ponunt,
Et nitidam induitur pubes renovata juventam.
Ceu, fodere domos ſerpentum ubi lubrica turba
Sub terram veniente hyeme, ſtant frigore inertes,
Dum redeat terris tepidi clementia veris ;
Tum demum egreſſi, ad ſolem ſqualentia terga
Convolvunt, poſita turpi cum pelle ſenecta :
Annuus hic illis mos : at bombycibus ipſis
Ter pigra, dum vivent, renovabit corpora ſomnus.
Jamque age, jam grandes fœtus, jam ducitur ætas
Ultima, turgenti filum tralucet in alvo

Omnibus,

But while the God with wand pacific ſheds
The dews of Lethe on their ſilent beds,
Withdraw their foliage and withhold the feaſt,
For ſated now they nurſe themſelves with reſt,
Caſt their old ſkins thick furrow'd o'er by time,
And wake to life array'd in youthful prime:
Thus deep in earth, when wintry clouds appear,
The ſerpent race their chamber'd domes prepare;
Here ſtiff with cold the ſlimy nation lies
Till tepid ſpring has thaw'd the frozen ſkies,
Then ruſhing to the ſun's enliv'ning flames
They roll in circling orbs before his beams,
With ſcaly coats renew'd, and ſleek attire,
The ſloth of age exchang'd for youthful fire;
This yearly they perform, the lab'ring brood
Are thrice in all their life with ſleep renew'd.
But come, the thriving race appears at length
Of age mature and full confirm'd in ſtrength,

Omnibus, accingunt alacres operique parant ſe:
Pabula jam ſaturæ fugiunt: nova quærere regnà
Ardor agit: tollunt oculos, arrectaque terga.
Omnia veſtigant latè locà, ſicubi rami
Arbutei, per quos ſua poſſint tendere fila;
Atque novis priſcos cupiunt mutare penates,
Et tabulæ extremis pendentes ſedibus hærent.
Tum famulæ properare, omnes proviſa parare
Sarmenta, & ſteriles tectis inferre geniſtas.
Jamque illæ antiquas ſedes ſupera ardua linquant,
Atque nova hoſpitia invadant, per vimina lenta
Demiſſæ, niſi ſuccurrat nuruum ociùs omnis
Hinc atque inde manus, durum miſerata laborem.
Ipſæ nam manibus ſecernunt grandia natu
Corpora jam matura operi, jamque apta labori;
Per ramoſque locant arentes agmina denſa.

Summotas

The ſubſtance of the ſilky twine within
Tranſparent glitters thro' the tumid ſkin;
Replete with food the buſy tribes prepare
For work, and vig'rous raiſe their necks in air,
Oft roll their eyes around, and turn their heads
In ſearch of branches whence to ſtretch their threads;
Swing pendant from the ſhelves, or coaſting roam
To change for other ſeats their native home:
Mean time your buſy maids their manſions wreath
With ſprigs of leafleſs broom and barren heath,
And now, ſwift gliding down the pliant rods,
Your wand'ring clans would leave their old abodes,
Did not your pitying girls, with gentle hands,
Collect and oft replace th' unſettled bands,
And fix the ſtronger ſort, for toil mature,
Amidſt the branchy fence to work ſecure;
While others, yet unripe, are ſtill withheld
Till time has ev'ry natal taint expell'd,

Summotas alias arcent, dum funditus omnes
Corporeæ excedant labes, ac, temporis orbe
Perfecto, ſua cuique dies exemerit omnem
Alvi inſinceræ illuviem, purumque relinquat
Lanicium, & fili tralucens ſimplicis aurum.
Sic ubi miteſcunt pendentes vitibus uvæ,
Paulatim liquor ille intus rareſcit, & aureus
Accedit color, elucent puriſſima muſta.
Tum demum tabulis paſſim ſarmenta relictis
Complêrunt omnes, perque atria virgia lætæ
Exercentur, & effundunt quæſita per ævum
Stamina, ditis opes uteri, ſuſpenſaque denſos
Fila regunt inter ramos, atque ordine ducunt.
Mille legunt releguntque vias, atque orbibus orbes
Agglomerant, cæco donec ſe carcere claudant
Sponte ſua: tanta eſt edendi gloria fili.

Mox

And the clear ſkin, thro' ev'ry winding fold,
Tranſparent ſhines with threads of ductile gold:
So from the vine when rip'ning cluſters draw
Their firſt imperfect juice opaque and raw,
Time rarifies the cloud, the ſap refines,
Till pure and bright the yellow nectar ſhines.
Then all your flocks forſake their antient ſtalls,
And ſpread laborious thro' their wicker halls,
There from their mouths diſcharge the precious hoard
Of golden woof, which length of time had ſtor'd;
From branch to branch extends the glitt'ring twine,
And round and round returns the mazy line;
Forward and back a thouſand times they tread,
A thouſand ways direct the ſubtle thread,
Till thick'ning orb in orb the texture holds
The willing pris'ner circled in its folds;
So freely is the price of glory paid,
Such thirſt of fame attends the golden trade:

Mox autem clauſæ interiùs circum undique lecta
Stamina condenſant, teretiſque ovi inſtar opus fit.
Nullæ operum immunes: eſt omnes cernere paſſim
Noctes atque dies niti præſtante labore,
Et quaſi de palma ſummas contendere vires.
Aſpicias quaſdam incipere, primumque laborem
Tendere adhuc, quaſdam obſcuro jam carcere clauſas.
Aſt aliæ, velut in nebula, fumoque nigranti
Nunc etiam apparent properantes intus, & omnes
Fas oculis ſpectare vias, variumque laborem.
Quin & nonnullæ paribus communia curis
Aſſociant opera, & nebula clauduntur eadem.
Quædam adeò (viſu miſerabile,) ſæpe repertæ,
Dum tendunt ſuperare alias, inſtantque labori,
Vitam, opere in medio clauſæ, ſub nocte dediſſe,
Ante diem, ah miſeræ! jacuit labor interruptus.

Parva

None reſt from work exempted, none delay,
The pleaſing toil proceeds by night, by day;
The palm of conqueſt ſeems before their eyes,
And each keen rival ſtraining for the prize:
Thoſe juſt advanc'd their outſide warp extend,
Theſe dark inclos'd their round of labour end;
Others, with downy cloud envelop'd thin,
As thro' a miſt appear employ'd within;
Our eyes engag'd purſue the wond'rous art,
And trace the ſubtile work thro' ev'ry part;
While ſome unite their taſks, with common care
Harmonious lab'ring in one cloudy ſphere,
And others, ſpurr'd by glory, while they dread
To be outrival'd in the quickſpun thread,
O'er haraſs'd in the ſtrife (a piteous ſight)
Untimely periſh wrap'd in ſhades of night;
Imperfect cells entomb the wretched band,
Their monumental works unfiniſh'd ſtand.

Nor

Parva mora eſt tamen : ut ſe aliæ incluſere latebris,
Extremoque manum ſummam impoſuere labori,
Exhauſtæ intereunt omnes, terraſque relinquunt.
Ite animæ egregiæ, fortunatæque laborum
Ultro in fata alacres : vobis nempe altera fato
Corpora debentur ; vobis miſerata priorem
Eripiet formam Venus, atque ad dulcia reddet
Lumina, & aereas rurſum revocabit in auras.
Prima Venus docuit bombycem in tecta referre
Eductam ſylvis, atque hanc impendere curam.
Antè homines nati, durum genus, ilice rupta,
In ſylvis nudi degebant more ferarum :
Necdum ullus lini, necdum ullus velleris uſus.
Verùm dura hyemis pellebant frigora, noctiſque
Humorem,

Nor long ſurvive their fellow tribes but all,
Impriſon'd dark within the ſilky ball,
Compleat their labours, and reſign their breath
Exhauſted, ſinking in the ſhades of death.
Go wond'rous race, thrice happy artiſts go,
Meet fate content, to you the ſiſters owe
A ſecond birth; kind Venus ſhall requite
Your toils, and raiſe you to the realms of light;
With other forms, and other pow'rs repair,
And ſpread your nations thro' the fields of air.
Unſkilful mortals, firſt by Venus taught,
From ſylvan wilds the lab'ring inſect brought;
In domes ſecur'd them from intemp'rate air,
Improv'd their arts, and rear'd their tribes with care:
E'er this the race of man, an oak-born brood,
All ſavage liv'd, and naked rang'd the wood;
Nor yet, in labour'd flax or fleeces, knew
To ward the wintry blaſt, or nightly dew;

Humorem, fruticum ſe frondibus involventes,
Et liquidos imbres vitabant arbore tecti,
Per noctemque cavis latitabant rupibus hirti.
Hìc illic miſti latos impunè per agros
Cum nudis nudi juvenes errare puellis.
Aſt ubi creſcenti paulatim cognitus orbi
Irrepſit pudor, exuviis cœpere ferarum,
Aut tergo bovis, aut villoſi pelle leonis
Se tegere, & coriis involvere mollibus artus.
Ipſi etiam nudi degebant æthere in alto
Cœlicolæ, cœlique nurus diſcrimine nullo.
Prima Deûm Pallas docuit committere campo
Enodis lini ſegetem, & tondere bidentem
Lanigeram, ac tenui telas intendere filo.

Dry graſs, and wither'd foliage kept them warm,
And lodg'd in hollow trees they ſhun'd the ſtorm;
From midnight vapour chill, the vaulted cave
To their rough limbs its craggy ſhelter gave;
Then guiltleſs, ſporting o'er the verdant mead,
The naked youths with naked virgins ſtray'd:
But ſoon as time had ſeen the world increaſe,
And ſhame crept roſy to the maiden's face,
Then ſkins of beaſts their early wants ſupply'd,
The ſheep, or ox, or lyon's ſhaggy hide;
The Gods themſelves that rule the realms on high
In naked majeſty poſſeſs'd the ſky,
Nor any dreſs, thro' all the bleſs'd abodes,
Diſtinguiſh'd yet the daughters of the Gods:
Firſt Pallas ſhew'd to plant the knotleſs flax,
And ſpin the ſofter thread of fleecy backs;
Strung the fram'd loom with warp of various die,
And taught the reſtleſs ſhuttle how to fly.

Illa quidem primùm vario ſe ornavit amictu,
Egregiam picto pallam circumdata limbo:
Mox alias etiam texit ditiſſima divas:
Nec mora, deinde novam oſtendit mortalibus artem.
Tantùm nuda Venus mœrebat muneris expers
Egregii, ob formam textrici inviſa Minervæ;
Atque, irriſa diu, ſuper Idalium frondoſum
Se natoſque ſuos in ſylvis condidit atris.
Cui pòſt optanti Fors & Deus attulit olim
Auxilium: nam Peliacis te in montibus altis,
Phyllira, Nympharum pulcherrima montanarum,
Saturnus, captus forma & florentibus annis,
Viderat errantemque, & gramina certa legentem.

Ah,

Firſt for herſelf the flowing robe ſhe made,
Rich border'd, wrought in many-colour'd ſhade;
Each Goddeſs next was with her bounty grac'd,
And happy mortals ſhar'd the gift at laſt:
Venus, alone of all celeſtials, mourn'd,
Naked amid the Gods, and unadorn'd;
Her lively charms diſpleas'd the ſpinſter maid,
And envy'd beauty loſt Minerva's aid;
Aſham'd of heav'n, to ſhun the gibing croud,
She ſought the ſhelter of th' Idalian wood;
Hid with her ſons, afraid of ev'ry eye,
And penſive view'd her abdicated ſky.
At length kind fortune to her wiſhes came,
And all unhop'd a God reliev'd the dame:
For Phyllira a mountain nymph, and fair
Surpaſſing all that breath'd in Pelion's air,
Was ſeen by Saturn as ſhe wander'd light
In queſt of herbs that love the hilly height;

Ah, quoties precibus Nympham Deus aſpernantem
Tentavit ſupplex, ingrataque munera verbis
Addidit! ah, quoties nimboſis montibus errans,
Matutinus iter tulit, & monſtravit in agris
Præſentes morbis herbas, uſumque medendi!
Illa averſa Deum ſemper fugiebat amantem.
Quid faceret? Venerem ſupplex adit ipſe, rogatque
Auxilium, & meriti promittit præmia tanti.
Diva monet, duræ fruſtra præcordia Nymphæ
Tentari, nulli pectus penetrabile amori,
Nec precibus, nec muneribus mutarier ullis;
Fallendamque dolis tantùm, furtiſque domandam.

Ergo

Struck with her form and youth, the gazing God
With ſoft inſinuated paſſion glow'd:
How oft alas! before the ſcornful maid,
Were ſuppliant plaints expreſs'd and preſents laid?
How often did he tread the morning dew,
And damp with miſty clouds her ſteps purſue?
With what officious fondneſs ſhew each flow'r,
And point out ev'ry plant of healing pow'r?
But fruitleſs ev'ry friendly office prov'd,
The fair ſtill ſlighted, and the God ſtill lov'd.
Thus deep diſtreſs'd he ſought the Cyprian dame,
And there with pray'rs and gifts diſclos'd his flame:
When thus love's pitying pow'r—'No ſoothing art,
'No gifts will ever gain the virgin's heart;
'Nor ſighs inceſſant breath'd, nor tears can move
'A boſom ſteel'd againſt the ſhafts of love,
'But cunning may prevail, and deep diſguiſe,
'Try theſe, and take the fair one by ſurprize.

Ergo ſe in faciem ſubitò transformet equinam
Imperat, & paſcat qua gramina ſueverat illa
Quærere, ut ignaram furto aggrediatur opertus.
Nec mora preceptis: hinnitu Pelion altum
Clauſus equo, Deus implevit, votoque potitus
Vi tenuit fruſtra pugnantem, & multa recuſantem.
Exin promeritæ Veneri, pro munere magno,
Semina clauſa dedit niveo tenuiſſima linteo,
Et, meriti memor, his, inquit, pulcherrima texes
Diva tibi inſignes tunicas, nihil indiga lanæ,
Aut lini, quæ dona negat tibi iniqua Minerva.
Hinc præcepta dedit, divinam & prodidit artem,

Quam

She then advis'd him near her haunts to feed,
Chang'd to the ſemblance of a ſprightly ſteed;
There watch, and ſudden ſeize the ſtubborn maid,
Guardleſs to love's fictitious form betray'd.
Streight, to a courſer chang'd, the lover bounds,
And filling Pelion's height with borrow'd ſounds
Seizes the nymph, perſiſting in diſdain,
Deceiv'd to love, and ſtruggling now in vain,
Bleſs'd in his wiſhes thus, the God repairs
To Venus, grateful for her friendly cares,
And wrapt in lawn preſents the ſhelly grain
Whoſe poliſh'd orbs the ſilky race contain,
And hence he cries, indulgent pow'r divine,
O'er thy fair limbs ſhall richer raiment ſhine
Than all which labour'd flax or wool produce,
Confin'd by partial Pallas in their uſe.
He then inform'd the dame in all the art
Which meditated long had ſooth'd his heart,

What

Quam primus, nati fugeret cùm protinus iras,
Deprendit ſolis meditando in montibus olim.
Inſuper admonuit, venturi præſcius ævi,
Quondam aliquos, ſed enim multò pòſt, affore vates,
Qui totum canerent præclara inventa per orbem,
Gratum opus Auſoniis, dum volvent fila, puellis.

What time he loſt the ſkies, compell'd to rove
In lonely mountains, hid from angry Jove;
And laſt pronounc'd, with pow'r prophetic fill'd,
That future times, but far remov'd, would yield
Some children of the muſe, whoſe tuneful tongue
Should teach the ſilken arts, and whence they ſprung,
A tale attentive heard by liſt'ning maids,
While whirling ſpindles twiſt their ſilver threads.

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND BOOK.

The ſilkworms ſubject to ſickneſs. Line 45—*Remedies—Dead ones to be remov'd.* 65—*Air and ſunſhine uſeful.* 71—*Fruit of the mulberry-tree hurts them.* 107—*And oil, and ſalt.* 115—*Noiſe, and tainted breath.* 145—*Children to be kept from moleſting them.* 151—*The appearance, different colours, and fineneſs of their finiſh'd ſilkballs.* 211—*How to keep thoſe balls which are deſigned for breed.* 245—*Epiſode of Venus going to Pluto to repair her loſt race.* 273—*The manner of their breaking thro' the ſilkballs in form of butterflies.* 341—*They never eat afterward.* 371—*But propagate their ſpecies, and die.* 383—*Their eggs how preſerv'd.* 413—*Not to be kept longer than the enſuing ſpring.* 443—*The manufacture of ſilk.* 447—*Epiſode of Serius and Phaethuſa, who introduced the art into Italy.* 501.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ BOMBYCUM,

AD

ISABELLAM ESTENSEM,
MARCHIONISSAM MANTUÆ,

LIBER SECUNDUS.

RURSUS ades, Nympha, incœptum jam perfice munus,
O decus Italidum, fortunatiſſima matrum,
Quæ, vaſtas feſſæ Italiæ miſerata ruinas,
Haud dubias pulchra ſpes nobis prole tuliſti.

Tu

THE SILKWORM.

A POEM OF MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA.

To Her Royal Highness the Princeſs of WALES.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ONCE more the muſe thy guardian aid ſhall aſk,
Thy preſence to compleat her promis'd taſk,
O Nymph the pattern of the Britiſh fair,
By whom each mother forms her anxious prayer;
Whoſe growing offspring, charg'd with Albion's fate,
Enſure dominion to an endleſs date;

Soon

Tu jam læta tuos natos præſtantibus auſis
Cœlicolas ipſos ſupra ſe ferre videbis.
Aſpice jam quantas oſtentet corpore vires
FREDERICUS puer, ut vultu decora alta parentum
Spondeat, ut veniant ſcintillæ ardentis ab ore,
Flagranteſque micent oculi, utque horrentia ſemper
Bella ſonet, puerique agitet ſe pectore Mavors.
Jamque adeò nunc arma placent, jam fervidus acri
Gaudet equo, indomituſque animi, cupiduſq; pericli.
Hunc jam regna Aſiæ metuunt, orienſque ſubactus,
Gangeſq; Tigriſq; tremunt, atque Indus Hydaſpes.
Sæpe hunc, Euphratæ propter vaga flumina, Eoæ
Bellantem aſpicient, multa inter millia, matres;
Horreſcentque animis hoſtem, pariterque timebunt
Egregio juveni, cæcoque urentur amore,

Præſtanti

Soon ſhalt thou ſee thy race of heroes riſe,
And claim by deeds a kindred to the ſkies;
Lo thy young George to ev'ry ſofter grace
Knits manly ſtrength, and ſhares each parent's face,
What glowing mein! what flaſhes light his eyes!
Mars fills his breaſt, and fancy'd wars ariſe,
Impatient for the fight his thoughts take arms,
Mount the fierce ſteed and ſpring amidſt alarms;
Gaul views th' aſpiring youth with boding hate,
And fear anticipates Hiſpania's fate;
The Danube ſees him ſtretch th' embattled line,
And ſhakes, and ſends its terrors to the Rhine;
Oft while he ſpreads the war along the Po,
Or where Sequana's wand'ring waters flow,
On him the trembling maid ſhall fix her ſight,
And ſend kind wiſhes thro' the rage of fight,
Conflicting paſſions ſhall her breaſt inſpire,
And hoſtile hatred mix with ſoft deſire:

Præſtanti captæ forma, & juvenilibus annis.
Gaudia mox trepidæ referet tibi quanta revertens,
Ultus avos Graiûm, Solymorumque eruta templa!
Tunc illum, Mincî in ripis facta ampla canentes,
Carminibus tollent ſublimem ad ſidera vates.
Lanificas nos interea revocamur ad artes :
Frondoſæ invitant rurſus ſub tegmine mori
Seriades, grataque legunt è fronde coronam ;
Quando nondum auſim laurum ſperare ſuperbam,
Aut caput intonſis hederarum innectere ramis.
Ergo age, ſarmentis dum ſe ſuper aurea bombyx
Exercet, nitidumque edit de pectore filum,

Nempe

But O! what joy ſhall gild thy pious grief?
When ſafe reſtor'd you claſp the darling chief,
And pictur'd trophies rais'd on Albion's walls
Diſplay his triumphs o'er the fainting Gauls,
While purple ſtreams along the canvaſs flow,
And art prolongs the ſlaughter of the foe:
Then ſhall each Muſe high-tune the ſwelling lyre
To notes expreſſive of his martial fire,
The floating ſounds ſhall roll along the Thames,
And mix the hero with immortal names.
Mean time employ'd in humbler flights we rove,
And trace the ſilken arts in Thisbe's grove;
Beneath its ſhade the Serian Nymphs invite,
There weaving for their bard a chaplet light,
Since yet he dares not hope the laurell'd bough,
Nor bend the curling ivy to his brow.

Now therefore (while the buſy nations twine,
And ſtretch from ſpray to ſpray the glitt'ring line,

Nempe tuæ interea prorſus nihil indiga curæ eſt,
Dum novies roſeus ſe laverit æquore Titan.
Diſce laboranti pecori non pigra mederi,
Triſtibus & morbis occurrere : vos quoque noſtri,
Parvæ animæ, exercent per tot diſcrimina caſus,
Veſtraque pallentes infeſtant corpora morbi.
Corrupta ſive illa lues cœli influit aurâ,
Seu vitio infectæ frondis, gens labitur ægra,
Et cœtus ſubitò ſerpunt contagia in omnes.
Invadit mors, intereunt data corpora leto,
Et thalamis paſſim tetro manantia tabo
Fuſa jacent : perit omne pecus, ſpes irrita fili.
Dii teneros, Dii, vos fœtus arcete periclis ;
Cùm nondum morbis præſentes omnibus herbas
Monſtrârit natura, hominumve induſtria ſolers

Nondum

Needleſs of aid till roſy Phœbus riſe
Nine times refreſh'd in Thetis' ſilver ſkies,)
Come learn what healing helps ſhould be prepar'd
When dire diſeaſes threat the ſick'ning herd:
Like us attack'd, their tender bodies know
Mortal miſchance, and feel their lot of woe;
Pale ſickneſs ſhakes alike their little frames;
Whether the tainted air's corrupting ſteams
Or noxious food the latent poiſon hold,
Whate'er the cauſe, infection thins the fold;
Fate triumphs, bodies ſtain'd with putrid gore
Deform the ſhelves and fun'rals ſtrow the floor;
No flatt'ring proſpect heaps the golden thread,
But ev'ry hope lies mingled with the dead.
The Gods avert, defend the tender flock,
E'er helpleſs nature ſink beneath the ſhock,
Since human wiſdom yet uncertain ſtrays
Amidſt the mazy turns of wild diſeaſe,

Nondum morborum cauſas deprenderit omnes.
Multa tamen, longo quæ nos invenimus uſu,
Quæque alii docuere, tibi nunc dicere pergam.
Nil adeò tineis fuerit preſentius ægris,
Quàm ſubitò è medio jucundo lumine caſſas
Tollere, ne totam perfuſa cadavera tabo
Latiùs inceſtent miſerando funere gentem.
Nec minùs inde tibi triſtis contagia cœli
Sit ſtudium vitare: juvat, cùm lucidus æther,
Cùm noctis gelidum ſol rorem ſuſtulit, & cùm
Inter ſe Alpinus Boreas atque humidus Auſter
Pacem agitant, vitro detracto aperire feneſtras,
Quove almam lucem aſpiciant, quove æthera purum,
Aurarumque leves animas, & frigora captent.

Nempe

And nature ſtill conceals her precious wealth
Of ſov'reign plants that aid the ſprings of health;
But yet ſome uſeful hints the Muſe imparts
From time and practice drawn, the ſource of arts.
  Firſt, nought ſo much avails the ſickly crew
As early to remove from out their view
Each carcaſs raviſh'd from the ſweets of light,
Tainted in ſmell, and loathſome to the ſight;
Leſt hence the ſubtle air convey'd along
Spread its ſwift poiſon thro' the ſounder throng:
Nor leſs obſerve to keep their manſion dry
When lazy vapours load the gloomy ſky;
But when the ſun has drank the midnight dew,
And his pure ſplendor gilds th' æthereal blue,
While yet pacific in their caverns deep
Sharp Boreas, and his humid rival ſleep,
Unfold your windows to th' enliv'ning day,
And catch the gale, and meet the genial ray;

Nempe intrò veniens Zephyris variantibus aer
Aera diſpellit pigrum novus, & grave olentes
Luſtrat, agens ſeſe, thalamos, variatque ſaluber;
Qui, niſi mutetur crebrò, corrumpitur, hauſtuſque
Inducit varios reptantum in corpora morbos.
Ceu puteis pigros latices niſi ſæpiùs urnâ
Hauſeris, ut ſubitò inde locum novus occupet humor,
Continuò ſapor immotæ vitiatur aquäi,
Oraque potantum triſtis perturbat amaror.
Tum verò ad ſolem, blandique ad luminis auras
Exultare pecus videas, & corpora luci
Pandere: non tamen immiſſo ſub ſole jacere
Securum fuit, aſpiciant ſed lumina longè.

Si

Soft Zephyr then in gentle eddy ſtreams,
And frees the ſtagnant air of noxious ſteams,
With freſh ſupplies improves its weaken'd ſpring,
And lifts the languid maſs on lighter wing;
Elſe breath'd impure it fills with jarring ſtrife
Th' unbalanc'd powr's, and taints the fount of life
Like wells, which long have lack'd the draughting urn,
Whoſe ſprings obſtructed to their ſource return,
The lazy lake, by reſt perpetual fix'd,
Corrupts in ſloth, with freſhning ſtreams unmix'd,
Nor dares the weary ſwain his thirſt allay,
But taſting throws the nauſeous draught away.
But touch'd with freſher air and genial heat
The ſwarms exult, with active life elate;
Stretch to the ſolar light their lengthy frames,
And baſk extatic in the ſoothing beams:
Yet ſuffer not th' imprudent flock to ſtay
Too long expos'd beneath the torrid ray;

Shade

Si verò fuerit gelidis Aquilonibus aer
Frigidus, aut nimbos ſpirantibus humidus Auſtris;
Protinus in thalamos inferri profuit ignes:
Ne tamen infeſtet lacrymoſus lumina fumus,
Ipſos occuluere cavis fornacibus ignes,
Unde aditus fumo ſit nuſquam in tecta, ſed extrà
Reſpirans Vulcanus in aera fumet apertum.
At calor interea placidus diffunditur intus
Paulatim, & tepidi calida è fornace vapores.
Sunt etiam, quæ, cùm nigreſcit fœtibus arbos,
Incipiunt cùm mora rubeſcere, pabula lecta
Retibus imponunt raris, in perque foratis
Pellibus, in gyrumque agitant, jactantque per auras.
Namque cadunt, veluti, per lata foramina, grando,
Nigrantes baccæ, vel quicquid inutile menſis;
Et tantùm folia ipſa manent, quòd ſolvere mollem
Alvum mora ferunt, triſteſque inducere morbos.

Præterea

Shade its keen blaze and force them to retire
At diſtance taſting of the temper'd fire.
But if the rigid north ſhould blow ſevere,
Or clouds breathe humid from the ſouthern ſphere,
Check the rude blaſt with artificial heats,
And chace the moiſture from their chilly ſeats;
For this the cover'd ſtove affords its fire,
The tepid vapours thro' its arch tranſpire,
A milder climate ſpreads o'er all the room,
And outward flies the tear-compelling fume.
Some cautious, when the foodful foreſt ſhoots
Its lengthy branches weigh'd with rip'ning fruits,
In meſhy nets receive the leafy ſtore
Or ſieves thin wove, till ſhaken o'er and o'er
The purple berries all have ſep'rate paſs'd,
Like hail thick driving in the wintry blaſt;
For Thisbe's juicy fruits are ſaid to drain
Their tender bowels with diſeaſeful pain.

Præterea liquido reſpergi corpora olivo
Mors erit extemplo ah! miſeris, lucemque relinquent.
Ergo, ubi nocte gregem famulæ & ſtabula alta reviſent,
Edico procul ardentem deponere teſtam
In tenebris, ubi pingue oleum depaſcitur ignis;
Ne ſuper incautis gutta ſtillantis olivi
Decidat, ac totos deformet peſte penates.
Uſque adcò in Venerem longas exercuit iras
Inſenſam inventrix ſemper frondentis olivæ.
Exin cùm liquor officiat bombycibus omnis,
Præcipuè ſale qui fuerit vitiatus amaro
Cùm ſemel attigerit, miſeris erit acre venenum.
Protinus elucet languentibus aurea pellis,
Deinde tument, turpiſque animis ignavia venit

Deſidibus,

Take heed beſide leſt drops of trickling oil
Beſmear the lab'rers with its clammy ſoil;
Death in the fatal fluid wraps his prey
Confin'd for ever from the beam of day;
Then let the maid who tends the flock by night,
While the fat liquid feeds the trembling light,
With ſteady graſp ſecure the reeking vaſe
Remov'd at diſtance from the thrifty race,
Leſt from her hand the viſcid nuiſance pour,
And ſtain their manſion with its pois'nous ſhow'r;
For Pallas ſtill, from out her olive grove,
Wreaks endleſs hatred on the queen of love;
Beſide, all moiſture hurts the ſilky kind,
But chiefly that with acid ſalt combin'd;
Its ſlighteſt touch infects the wretched brood,
Corrodes the fleſh, and taints the circling blood;
A gloſſy poliſh ſmooths the morbid ſkin,
Liſtleſs ſubſides the ſluggiſh ſoul within,

Deſidibus, tandem rumpuntur, & omnia tetro
Inficiunt tabo : ſanies fluit undique membris,
Nec quicquam ſalſo Venerem æquore profuit ortam.
Quædam ideo ſylvas ſervant noctesque dieſque :
Quandoquidem inventæ, ſalſo quæ pabula rore
Invidiâ infecere, (ſcelus prohibete nefandum
Diique Deæque omnes,) cæcum & liquere venenum
In ſylvis, quod mox foliis bibit inſcia bombyx.
Arce etiam ſtrepitus, cantu cava cornua rauco,
Fiſtulaque horribili procul abſit ahenea bombo,
Tympanaque, & voces ludentis comprime pubis,
Invalidas ſæpe exanimat leve murmur alumnas.

Sed

They ſwell, they burſt, foul venom reeks around
From all their limbs, and filth pollutes the ground;
Nor helps it to allay the ſharp diſeaſe
That Venus ſprung from out the briny ſeas.
Then let the careful guardian fence his wood,
And watch by day, by night, the verdant food;
Since ſome there are, with envious fury fraught,
(Baniſh ye Gods from breaſts humane the thought)
Who, ſecret mixing draughts ſaline, imbrue
Whole groves polluted with the pois'nous dew,
The little lab'rer, thoughtleſs of his fate,
Sips the dire juice with latent death replete.
Avoid all ſtunning ſounds, the horn's hoarſe throat,
And trumpet thrilling with terrific note;
The tinkling tongue of bells, and clam'rous noiſe
Inceſſant rais'd by throngs of ſportive boys,
For lifeleſs oft appears the feeble flock,
Stunn'd by the fretted air's convulſing ſhock.

Nor

Sed neque tum pueri vaſtantes irrequietâ
Cuncta manu hìc illic, ſtragemque impunè ferentes,
Jamq; has jamque illas digitis dum tangere gaudent,
Introducantur ; quos longè arcebis, & ultro
Abſiſtent, ætas ſi improvida ludificetur.
Verbis falle illos : tineas finge acre venenum
Inſpirare animâ, vel ſpicula linquere caudis,
Atque angues, colubroſque voca, diroſve chelydros.
Obſervabis item, ne qui guſtaverit allii,
Aut cepæ, aut acris porri illætabile virus,
Introeat, ne res pereat tibi funditus omnis.
Bombycem exanimem vidi ſæpe ipſe jacere
Afflatam famulæ graviter ſpirantis odore.
Continuò vis illa ſubit, nareſque laceſſit,
Intimaque infeſtum venit ad præcordia virus.
Non igitur cunctis aditus permiſeris, illas

Spectatum

Nor ſhould their ſeats admit the reſtleſs bands
Of childiſh years, whoſe buſy-curious hands
Confuſive thro' the ſilken labours roam,
And thoughtleſs ſpread ſwift miſchief thro' the dome;
Let frightful words their forward boldneſs ſhake,
Feign ev'ry worm an adder and a ſnake,
And cheat their ruder age with dreadful names
Of ſerpents arm'd with ſtings, and breathing flames.
Nor let his breath approach who ſteams with uſe
Of leek or garlick's tear-procuring juice;
Oft have I ſeen the little inſect die
Struck by the vapour of a tainted ſigh,
So ſwift in air the ſubtile poiſons dart,
And ſudden reach the fountains of the heart:
Mark therefore ev'ry face, each breath explore,
And e'er your cautious hands unfold the door
Obſerve their mein, their voice, and ſtrictly ſpy
Each temper thro' the ſoul-revealing eye;

Nor

Spectatum quicunque adeunt : quis ſpiritus ollis,
Quis vultus, vociſque ſonus, quis euntibus ultro
Sit greſſus, qui oculive, notes : diſcrimine nullo
Limine anus omnes, monſtra infelicia, longè
Pelle ; nocent cantu triſtes, oculiſve malignis.
Introò autem tantùm juvenes, pulchræque puellæ
Ducendæ, queis forma ætaſque ignara nocendi eſt.
Hìc impunè choros agitent, alternaque læti
Idaliæ Veneri, ac Saturno carmina dicant.
Quandoquidem memini Tuſci alta in rupe Viterbi
Ipſe ſenem vidiſſe ferum, cui dira rigebant
Ora, graveſque oculi ſuffecti ſanguine circùm,
Fronſque obſcœna ſitu, hirtique in vertice cani.
Ille truci (ſcelus) obtutu genus omne necabat
Reptantum, tenues animas, parvaſque volantes.

Quinetiam

Nor pauſe, but make the wither'd hag retreat
Swift from the threſhold of your ſilken ſeat,
Her voice ill-omen'd ſhakes with thrilling knells,
And from her eyes diſtil malignant ſpells;
But let the ſtripling and the ſpotleſs maid,
Sweet forms with beauteous innocence array'd,
In meaſur'd dance around the manſion move
With ſongs to Saturn and the queen of love:
For I remember, where Viterbo ſtands
O'er-hanging from its rocks the Tuſcan lands,
An aged wretch, his features ſtiff with years,
And each red eyeball raw with rheumy tears;
A ſcaly ſcurf his furrow'd front o'erſpread,
And hoary ſtubble briſtled from his head;
He, direful to relate, with venom'd ſight
Sent ev'ry tender life to ſhades of night,
Each inſect fell before his blaſting face,
And birds drop'd flutt'ring from their airy race;

Quinetiam ſiquando hortos ingreſſus, ubi annus
Exuit expleto turpem novus orbe ſenectam,
Floribus & paſſim per agros incanuit arbor,
Ille hortis ſtragem dedit, arboribuſque ruinam,
Spemque anni agricolæ mœſti flevere caducam.
Nam quocunque aciem horribilem intendiſſet, ibi omnes,
Cernere erat ſubitò afflatos langueſcere flores;
Mox album latè nimbum volitare per auras:
Nec tantùm noceat raptor ferus Oriithyiæ,
Siquando iratus malè tutis incubet hortis.
Noſtram igitur ſi fortè domum prætermeet olim
Peſtis & ira Deûm talis, cùm plurima reptans

Complevit

Or if his foot approach'd Pomona's bow'rs
While vernal gales unwrap'd the fruitful flow'rs,
When now the foſt'ring ſun advancing near
With genial touch reviv'd the wither'd year,
Wide o'er the groves his blaſt malignant ſpread,
And ſtruck the beauties from each leafy head,
The hopeleſs peaſant mix'd his mournful tear
O'er the ſad ruins of the periſh'd year;
For whatſoe'er his look malignant ey'd
Swift ſhrunk the bloom and ev'ry beauty dy'd,
In clouds the waſted bloſſoms flew around,
And ſpread their ſnowy honours o'er the ground;
Not the fierce God who forc'd th' Athenian fair
Brings ſuch deſtruction in the driving air
When wrathful he exerts his boiſt'rous force,
And o'er unſhelter'd gardens wings his courſe:
If ſuch a peſt portentous from the Gods
Should paſs ill-omen'd near my flocks abodes,

Complevit ſedes omnes atque atria circùm ;
Non illum affari libeat, longumque morari.
Sed properate fores, famulæ, properate, feneſtras
Claudite, peſtiferamque avertite limine cladem.
Jam promiſſa dies terris lucem intulit almam :
Jam, licet, ingredere, artificum mirare laborem
Egregium, mirare artes, ut pendula ramis
Omnibus hæſerunt varii glomeramina fili.
Qualiter autumni primo cum frigore in hortis
Arboribus pendent haud uno poma colore.
Sic hærent nitidi vario diſcrimine ramis
Folliculi : ſunt quæ viridem traxere colorem
E foliis, quæ depaſta eſt Saturnia bombyx,

Fila,

When now the ſilky nations all complete
Croud the wide hall and ſwarm on ev'ry ſeat,
No friendly converſe ſhould his ſteps delay,
No courteous office ſhould invite his ſtay,
But, cloſe my windows, maidens, bolt my door,
And faſt and far repel the plague impure.

But now at laſt appears the promis'd day,
And wide o'er nature ſpreads its chearing ray,
Advance and let your eyes all-wond'ring trace
Each art, each labour of the ſilky race,
How firmly fix'd amid the boughs on high
The pendant balls appear in diff'rent dye;
As orchards ripen'd e'er autumnal cold
Diſplay their various ſhades of verdant gold,
So ev'ry downy twig delights the view
Thick hung with ſilken ſpheres of diff'rent hue;
Some with a feeble tinge of green imbu'd
Declare their kindred to the leafy food;

Some

Fila, auri quædam electrique ſimillima puri.
Omnibus eſt reliquis color albi velleris inſtar.
Ergo ubi, per ramos jam perfeciſſe laborem
Clauſas, quamque ſuum, vigili exploraveris aure;
Atq; ubi nec ſtrepitus, nec vim datur amplius ullam
Audiri, ſed jam motus requieverit omnis;
Pelle moram, exonera ramos, impone caniſtris,
Carpe utraque manu, & famulas properare jubeto.
Primus deinde labos extrema, & inutile quicquid
Lanicii detraxe, & luxuriantia circùm
Vellera, quæ ſtuppæ veluti nodoſa puellæ
Ruris penſa trahunt torquentes pollice fila,
Unde ſibi intexant feſtis geſtanda diebus
Tegmina, cùm lætas agitant per prata choreas.
Hinc triplex delectus erit: meliora Deorum

Imponunt

Some to the blaze of burniſh'd gold aſpire,
And others glow with amber's fainter fire,
The reſt, of milder beauty, ſooth the ſight
With fleecy ſmoothneſs and its ſoften'd white.
And now intent with liſt'ning ear explore,
And if th' impriſon'd lab'rer toils no more,
Nor effort from within nor ruſtling ſound
Is heard, but ſteady ſilence reigns around,
Quick place your baſkets, urge your maiden croud,
Pull faſt and ſee the ſilken vintage ſtow'd:
Now the firſt taſk preſents to raiſe and cull
The coarſe luxuriance of the downy wool,
Which teaz'd like knotty flax the rural maid
Fits to the ſtaff, and forms the gaudy thread,
To flow'r the garb on high occaſions ſeen
When feſtal dance invites her to the green.
Next make a triple choice; the fineſt balls
Hang ſacred on the temple's hallow'd walls;

Diſtinguiſh

Imponunt aris; aliqua in ſpem gentis, & anni
Venturi ad ſobolem ſervant de more creandam;
Cætera dein varios devolvunt veſtis in uſus.
Quæ verò in generis ſpem vis ſervare caduci,
Deligito ex omni numero: neglecta quotannis
Degenerat proles magis ac magis, atque propago
Deterior tibi ſemper erit labentibus annis.
Sed non ob ſobolem multos ſervare neceſſe eſt
Folliculos, capitum multorum ſemina partu
Una dabit mater, centum quæque ova relinquet.
Quos igitur fœturæ habiles provideris, omnes
Connectes ducto per acûs veſtigia filo.

Sed

Diſtinguiſh ſome to raiſe your annual ſtock
And fill the manſions with a younger flock;
The reſt unfold their orbs for human uſe,
And rich attire of various form produce.
But thoſe from whom the periſhable brood
Shall raiſe your hopes in younger ſwarms renew'd,
Select with judgment, elſe the tribes appear
With leſſen'd vigour each ſucceſſive year,
Their dwindling ſize thro' ev'ry birth you trace
At laſt diminiſh'd to a uſeleſs race.
Yet chooſe not many to preſerve the kind,
A few ſhall leave a num'rous race behind;
Each fruitful mother e'er ſhe quits the earth
Conceives and brings an hundred eggs to birth.
Whom therefore your judicious thoughts approve
For offſpring vig'rous and the fruits of love,
Place by themſelves, and let a ſlender thread
Connect them by the guiding needle led,

Sed parcens leviter terebrato, extremaque tantùm
Tangito acu tenui, ne incluſa cadavera ferro
Ah! violes, & res evertas funditus omnes.
Poſt hinc conſertos ita frigida ſub loca conde,
Aut Bacchi in cella ſub terram, aut ſicubi montis
Exeſi ſpecus ardenti impenetrabile Phœbo,
Ne calor abſumat defuncta cadavera vitâ:
Fata dabunt quibus ad jucundum ſurgere lumen
Rurſus, & in parvas volucrum ſe vertere formas,
Cùm primùm cœlo ſtellas aurora fugârit,
Et decies roſeos ſol laverit æquore currus.
Nam quondam (ut perhibent) cùm primos aurea fœtus
Nutriret Venus umbroſis in vallibus Idæ,
Nuda cohors tenerûm circùm ludebat Amorum,

Et

But ſlight and ſoftly pierce the ſilken ſkin,
And ah! beware the tender life within,
A ruder wound deſtroys the parent ſtock,
And ev'ry proſpect of a future flock:
Thus link'd ſecurely, ſtow the treaſur'd balls
In vaulted cellars cool with circling walls,
Or in the ſhady ſlope of mountain high
Where caves deep ſcoop'd the torrid beam defy,
Leſt with'ring heat ſhould drain their lives away
Which once again ſhall taſte the beam of day,
New form'd to range the tracts of airy ſpace
On pinions mingling with the feather'd race,
When the tenth dawn ſhall fright the ſtarry train,
And Phœbus riſe new bath'd from out the main.
For once 'tis ſaid that when the queen of love
Rear'd her firſt brood in Ida's ſacred grove,
While abſent from the tender flock ſhe ſtray'd
The naked cupids thro' their manſions play'd,

Et nunc hìc manibus temere dare pabula blandis,
Nunc illic tractare levi reptantia tactu
Corpora, Acidalioſque toris diffundere flores.
Dum verò incauti nunc huc, nunc protinus illuc
(Fortè parens aberat) ſtudiis puerilibus errant,
Impliciti inter ſeſe altis in cratibus urgent:
Fit ſtrepitus, pontes vaſtam traxere ruinam,
Lanifici ſtabula alta gregis: jacet undique bombyx
Fuſa ſolo, exanimûm ingentes (miſerabile) acervi.
Quam cladem accepit rediens ubi mater, & omnem
Cæde madere locum vidit procul, & genus omne
Funditus extinctum, totamque ab origine gentem,
Et famulas nuſquam ſibi, nuſquam occurrere natos,
Qui ſeſe abdiderant ſylvis, tacitique latebant;
Infelix ſtetit ingenti perculſa dolore,

Tum

With buſy fingers teiz'd the reptil brood,
And turn'd and forc'd them to their leafy food;
Thus thoughtleſs while they rang'd the ſilken bow'rs,
And ſportive ſcatter'd Acidalian flow'rs
Wreſtling in playful bands, their infant weights
Shook the ſlight baſis of the wicker ſeats,
Down all at once with crackling ruin falls
The ſhatter'd ſtructure of their airy halls,
Cruſh'd on the floor the ſilky nations lie,
And heaps of mangled bodies ſhock the eye;
Swift from the miſchief flew the frighted loves,
And ſilent hid amid the thickeſt groves;
When as the dame returning view'd around
The ſlaughter'd tribes lie reeking o'er the ground,
Her maidens all, and all her children fled,
Nor ſpark of life among the num'rous dead,
Breathleſs ſhe ſtood, o'erpower'd with ruſhing grief,
And ſpeech ſuppreſs'd deny'd her ſoul relief;

Then

Tum furiis acta huc illuc clamore ſupremum
Idalium implevit, natos famulaſque requirens.
Nulla quies animo, noctesque dieſque vagatur,
Incaſſumque gemens ſolos interrogat agros.
Infernas etiam ſedes, atque atria Ditis
Ægra adiit, quo mœſtæ animæ poſt fata feruntur
Squamigerûm, pecudum atq; hominum, vitæq; volantum:
Si fortè ipſe ſibi patruus rex maximus Orci
Annueret paucas animas in tarda reverti
Corpora, ut inde novam ſobolem revocaret in auras.

Jamque

Then frantic ruſhing thro' th' Idalian hills
Her plaintive voice each rocky cavern fills,
And cites her ſons her maids with piteous cry,
But mountains only to her call reply.
Thus day and night amidſt the deſert wilds
In vain lamenting to the lonely fields,
Mournful at laſt ſhe ſought the dreary ſeats
Where gloomy Pluto rules his dark retreats,
Where ſhades from ev'ry element repair,
The tenant of the flood, and fowls of air,
And beaſts that range in lawns and foreſts tall
Savage or tame, and man the lord of all;
O'er the blake coaſt with ſilent pace ſhe treads
To try the ſov'reign tyrant of the ſhades
If haply, ſoften'd by her piteous pray'r,
The little lives releas'd to fields of air
Again might feel the chearing beam of day,
And animate once more their torpid clay.

Jamque ibant umbræ tenues Styga circunfuſæ
Obſcuram, nigroſque lacus, & rauca fluenta.
Tum dominæ adventu lætæ circum ora volantes
Nondum oblitæ alis plauſere, & ſigna dederunt
Lætitiæ, nondum trans livida flumina vectæ.
Agnovit Venus, & ſecum eſt lætata repertis.
Quam Saturnius horrentis regnator Averni,
Ut procul aſpexit, multo eſt dignatus honore,
Permiſitque animas in corpora tarda reverti
Rurſus, ut extinctam ſobolem revocaret in auras,
Seminaque his generis penitus repararet adempti.
Utque ſequi poſſent dominam ſupera alta petentem,

Corporibus

And now in thronging flocks their puny ghoſts,
Round the dark waters of the joyleſs coaſts,
Poſſeſs'd the Stygian ſhore, prepar'd to take
Their voyage o'er its hoarſe-reſounding lake;
When as the dame approach'd her hapleſs crew
With wings applauſive round their miſtreſs flew,
Their former love with grateful minds avow'd,
Not wafted yet o'er Lethe's lazy flood;
The ſmiling Goddeſs hail'd the flutt'ring train,
And anxious view'd her little cares again:
Whom when the God that rules Avernus dire,
Great Saturn's ſon, and brother to her ſire,
Perceiv'd at diſtance from his awful throne,
Mild on the dame his ſoften'd aſpect ſhone,
And gave the ruin'd race, with quick repair,
To riſe and repoſſeſs the fields of air;
Then bounteous, to aſſiſt their lab'ring flight
In the ſteep journey to the realms of light,

Corporibus geminas renovatis addidit alas.

Hanc legem poſuit tamen, ut genus omne quotannis
Alitis in faciem ſe poſt opera atque labores
Verteret, & nigros Orci bis viſeret amnes.
Ut quoſdam populos in Hyperborea Pallene
Eſſe ferunt, qui, ſe ut novies Tritonide in unda
Merſerunt, natis tollantur in aera pennis.

Nonne vides, cùm carceribus exire recluſis
Inſtant ardentes, quanta nitantur opum vi?
Clauſa obſtat domus, & fili denſiſſimus ordo.
Nec mora, nec requies, veſtigant omnia circùm,
Explorantque aditus omnes, ſiqua potis extrà
Rumpere, & optatæ rurſum ſe reddere luci.

Ecce

He gave new beauties to their plumy pride,
And ſpread a ſecond wing on either ſide,
But fix'd a law, that each revolving year
When all compleat their ſilken toils appear,
Their tribes transform'd on airy wings ſhould riſe,
And twice pay homage in his ſable ſkies;
Thus fame reports, in blake Pallene's climes
That men, renown'd for ſpells and magian rhymes,
When nine times bath'd in Triton's wizard ſprings,
Mount on the winds ſupply'd with airy wings.
Obſerve, when firſt th' impriſon'd race revives,
How each exerted pow'r for freedom ſtrives;
On ev'ry ſide the circling cell reſtrains,
Their efforts, ſtrong ſecur'd with ſilken chains,
Reſtleſs from ſide to ſide they turn around
Where-e'er the tough encloſure weakeſt found
May yield a paſſage to their eager flight,
And bleſs the wiſhing tribes with new-born light;

Ecce autem, ut roſtro follem terebravit acuto,
Protinus erumpit (viſu mirabile monſtrum)
Alitis in parvæ bombyx collecta figuram ;
Et nova ſe rerum facies mirantibus offert.
Nam quæ longa fuit tinea olim, fit levis alis
Papilio, tineæ pallentes concolor artus.
Ergo carceribus cùm rupit multa viam vis,
Et ſeſe cæcis populi eripuere tenebris
Aligeri, atque iterum lucis venere ſub auras ;
Hærent attoniti rerum novitate, neque audent
Remigio alarum ſe aperto credere cœlo :
Diſſimileſque ſui tacitè nova corpora ſecum
Mirari, forma nec ſeſe agnoſcere in illa.
Cornua mirantur fronti, mirantur & alas,

Et

When lo! no ſooner is the ſilken ſkin
Pierc'd by their pointed beaks, than from within
The flutt'ring wonder burſts, in plumes array'd,
And pinions like the feather'd race diſplay'd.
And now amaz'd with diff'rent eyes they view
A diff'rent ſcene, and ev'ry object new;
For that which once with reptiles crawl'd along
Now mixes light amidſt the mothy throng,
Its wings and body ſtill beſprinkled o'er
With the pale colours which it held before:
Now therefore when with oft-repeated force
The ſtruggling tribes have bor'd a pervious courſe,
Freed from their priſons and ſurrounding night
To drink pure air, and feel reviving light,
Aſtoniſh'd they ſurvey their new-got frame,
Strange to themſelves, and wond'ring whence they came;
The wings broad-ſpreading down their ſides ſurprize,
And lengthy beak, and horn's extended ſize;

Unus'd

Et vires nil ſupra audent tentare priores
Diffiſi, memoreſque ſui : ſed tum neque guſtant
Pabula, nec vitæ quærunt alimenta prioris :
Tantus adhuc memores timor atri detinet Orci.
Nunc etiam ante oculos Styx livida, nigraque regna,
Tartareique canis tria guttura, monſtraque Ditis
Impacata, brevis ne vitæ gaudia quærant.
Idcirco, aligeræ neque frondem ſuffice genti
Incaſsùm, neque potandos admoveris amnes.
Carpe manu reſides, & funibus inſidentes,
In tabulamque refer ſtratam velamine molli.
Quippe ubi ſubtracto ſe rurſum ad fata vocari
Senſerunt victu, turbantur : tum ſimul omnes,

Excidium

Unus'd to boundleſs ſpace they fear to try
Their fans unpractis'd in the pathleſs ſky,
Nor aught attempt beyond their former ſphere,
Deterr'd, and conſcious ſtill of what they were.
Nor ſearch they now for life-ſuſtaining food,
Nor crop the leaf that rear'd the reptile brood,
Death lately taſted ſwims before their ſight,
With Styx dark-rolling round the realms of night;
And Cerberus ſtill warns with yell ſevere,
That fleeting life no more deſerves their care.
Let therefore all ſupplies of foliage ceaſe,
Nor tempt with drink the plume-apparel'd race,
But, on the ſilken cordage as they ſtand
Inactive, ſee them rais'd with gentle hand,
And from their burſt incloſures hung aloft
Bear them to tables ſpread with carpet ſoft;
Here when they feel their near approaching end,
And ebbing life no more with food ſuſtain'd,

Strong

Excidium veluti cœlo terriſque propinquum
Immineat, cùm ſupremo mortalia cuncta
Una dies dabit exitio, multoſque per annos
Suſtentata ruet perituri machina mundi,
Attoniti dubiis properant ſuccurrere rebus.
Concubitu indulgent omnes, ut ſemina gentis
Munere defuncti vitæ poſt fata relinquant,
Et ſervare genus valeant, ſtirpemque tueri.
Nec verò, velut in ſylvis genus omne ferarum,
Alituumque, vagos paſſim furantur amores;
Sed connubia certa, ſed electi hymenæi:
Ille ſuam tenet, illa ſuum, dulcique fruuntur
Amplexu caudis ambo per mutua nexis:
Inſtant, et validis juncti compagibus hærent.
Nec Veneris brevis uſus erit; videre revincti
Quartam ſæpe diem: nec quas legere relinquent,

Donec

Strong panics ſudden ſeize the trembling bands
As if dire deſtiny's revulſing hands
Shook nature's fabric, when the laſt of days
Shall dreadful lowr o'er heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And fate ſhall mix in one great ruin hurl'd
The works of man, and ſtrong-compacted world.
Thus to defeat the ſwift-diſſolving hour
The frighted tribes beſtir each active pow'r,
And give to Hymen's rites the ſcanty ſpace
Of fleeting life, regardful of their race,
Fond to elude the fates, and leave behind
Some ſorrow-ſoothing pledges of their kind.
Yet not promiſcuous like the ſavage race
They join, in ſhort fortuitous embrace;
A laſting knot the mutual bond unites,
Four circling days, and four ſucceſſive nights;
Conſtant their love, diſſolv'd alone by death,
For if the male ſhould firſt reſign his breath,

Donec uterque cadat : neque enim ſi viribus hauſtus
Mas prior occiderit, longùm tamen ipſa ſuperſtes
Fœmina erit : ſed ubi concepta effuderit ova,
Nulla mora, amplexu nondum divulſa, ſequetur.
Idem omni interitus generi, fata omnibus æqua.
Aſpicies, miſerans, confuſa cadavera paſſim
Procubuiſſe toris genialibus : omnia primùm
Sedibus exportato, & triſtia funera ducito :
Illis namque operum eſt cunctorum finis & ævi.
At verò quæ infuſa vides mantilibus albis
Semina, ceu milii exigui tenuiſſima, coge :
Hæc tibi poſt annum ſobolis ſpes certa creandæ.
His etenim ſeſe reparat moribunda quotannis
Seminibus, ſoboleſque venit nova ſemper ad auras.
Abde domo, his aptam ſuper omnia delige ſedem,
Quò neque ſint aditus torrenti æſtate calori,

Nec

Still claſp'd in his embrace his faithful mate
Pours forth the num'rous birth, and ſhares his fate;
Thus claim'd by death the total nations fall,
And one impartial lot alights on all;
Stretch'd on the nuptial beds (a mournful ſight)
They lye confus'd, and crave the fun'ral rite;
Convey them forth, and let the parting bier
Receive the tribute of a grateful tear,
For now each buſy ſcene of life is o'er,
Fate ſeals their freedom, and they toil no more.
Their orphan eggs, which ſmall as millet grain
Beſprinkle thick the carpet-cover'd plane,
Collect with careful hand, for theſe ſhall bring
A certain iſſue to ſupply the ſpring,
Unnumber'd nations here in embryo live,
Prop the frail race, and bid the name revive:
Wherefore to theſe allot peculiar ſeats
Impervious to the ſummer's ſcorching heats,

Nec Boreæ bruma in media: contraria vis eſt
Utraque ſeminibus ſervandis: frigora dira
Vim genitalem omnem perimunt, fruſtraque fovebis
Semen inane; calor verò ſi admiſſus in ova
Paulatim ſeſe inſinuet, parva eſt mora, proles
Ante diem ſuperas incaſſum rumpet in auras;
Cùm frondes jam conſumptæ, cùm pabula ſylvæ
Deficiunt, & tonſa comam Thisbeïa nudos
Oſtentat ramos populatis frondibus arbor.
Quòd ſi ſpes generis defecerit omnis ubique,
Seminaque aruerint Jovis implacabilis irâ,
Sicut apes, teneri reparantur cæde juvenci.
Hic ſuper accedit tantùm labor: antè juvencus
Bis denoſque dies, bis denaſque ordine noctes
Graminis arcendus paſtu, prohibendus ab undis.
Interea in ſtabulis tantùm illi pinguia mori

Sufficiunt

Or winter's freezing blaſt alike ſevere
To life yet ſleeping in the ſhelly ſphere;
Cold chills their broody warmth, and then in vain
With foſt'ring ſkill you nurſe the periſh'd grain,
And ſwift-inſinuating heat expels
Th' abortive broods untimely from their ſhells,
Short-liv'd they burſt to light while ev'ry wood
Denies the ſuccour of its leafy food,
And Thisbe's trees deſpoil'd of all their charms
Blake to the ſkies extend their wither'd arms.
But if the blaſt of Jove's deſtroying breath
Should wrap the race unborn in early death,
A ſlaughter'd ſteer their nations ſhall reſtore,
As Maro's ſhepherd rais'd his bees of yore:
Reſtrain him firſt in ſtalls from ev'ry food
Of graſſy growth, and thirſt-allaying flood,
Ten doubled days and nights confin'd to brouze
On Thisbe's leaves, and crop her juicy boughs;

Then

Sufficiunt folia, & lactenti cortice ramos.
Viſcera ubi cæſi fuerint liquefacta, videbis
Bombycem fractis condenſam erumpere coſtis,
Atque globos toto tinearum effervere tergo,
Et veluti putres paſſim concreſcere fungos.
Quod ſupereſt; moneo, generis tibi ſemina ſunto
Annua: degenerant ſupra annum condita, & inde
Omnis abit vigor, atque intus vitalis hebet vis.
Tum verò lætas exercent fila puellas:
Haud brevis hic labor, exhauſti cui nil ſatis unquam,
Dum redeat moro attonſæ nova vere juventus.
Folliculos primùm domìtant ferventibus undis;
Filaque devolvunt nigris fumantia ahenis:
Tum currente rota torquent, eademque retorquent,
Stamineque implicito cura eſt diſſolvere nodos.
Hinc vocat extremum tandem textura laborem,

Intenduntque

Then ſlain, his tender fleſh diſſolv'd within
Shall pour the ſilky nations thro' his ſkin,
And burſting crouds, with fervid motion warm,
On his arch'd ribs ſhall pile the cluſt'ring ſwarm.
Now laſt obſerve to let your ſilken breed
Be rais'd from freſh ſupplies of annual ſeed,
If longer ſtor'd their vig'rous pow'rs abate,
And languid loſe the birth-aſſiſting heat.
And now the ſhining threads your girls employ,
A lengthy labour yet a taſk of joy,
Continu'd till the ſun's reviving fire
Has furniſh'd Thisbe's groves with freſh attire:
The balls in boiling ſtreams they firſt ſubdue,
And from the fuming cauldron wind the clue;
Unnumber'd threads the circling wheel combines,
While num'rous fingers looſe th' entangled lines;
Thus twiſted o'er and o'er they laſt aſſume
Their final beauty from the lab'ring loom:

Intenduntque nurus diſcretas pectine telas
Multifido, radiiſque ſonantibus intertexunt,
Jactantes dextra lævaque ſequentia fila;
Alterniſque ſuus pedibus labor additus, atque
Deſuper acta gemit tereti rota garrula nervo.
Nec mora; certantes properant, falluntque laborem
Aut cantu, aut Veneris curæ narrantur inanes.
Nec modus eſt ſimplex texendi, nec genus unum
Telarum: nunc raſa vides, & levia texta;
Nunc pexis, leviterque attonſis mollia villis.
Quinetiam varios tenui ſubtegmine pingunt
Nexilibus flores hederis, ſylvaſque virentes,
Pomaque, graminaque, & cervos, capreaſq; fugaces.

Adde,

To this nice art experienc'd dames ſucceed,
The warp thick ranging in the crevis'd reed;
From ſide to ſide the reſtleſs ſhuttle flies,
And in its race the binding woof ſupplies;
Below th' alternate feet reſponſive move,
And turning pullies prattle ſhrill above:
Reſtleſs they ſtrive and ſoothing ſongs, the while,
With ſoft deceit the loit'ring night beguile,
Or ſadly-pleaſing tales amuſe their ears,
The fate of lovers, and their fruitleſs cares.
Nor moves the loom with artifice confin'd,
Nor gives its works of one unvary'd kind;
Now the ſmooth woof a gloſſy ſurface ſpreads,
Now ſwells in ſofter fleece of downy threads;
A various ſcene the ſhifted warp combines,
Here mix'd with flow'rs the pliant ivy twines,
Boughs bend with fruit, and waving woods appear,
Meads, lawns, and ſporting kids, and flying deer.

Adde, velut nebulas tenues, velamina textu
Rara, quibus matres crines & tempora velant,
In templiſque Deûm prohibent à pulvere vultus.
Vidi etiam varium quæ mutant texta colorem,
Eluduntque oculos, ut diſcolor aura refulſit.
Quid ſequar ulterius? nil vis humana reliquit
Intactum: filum tunicis includitur aureis,
Indutæque rigent fulvo ſubtegmine veſtes:
Ut quondam, Phryxi de finibus Æeteis
Vecta, ovis aurato fulgebat pectora villo,
Pectoraque, & pexo pallentia terga metallo.
Et dubitant matres pinguem ſerere undique morum;
Aut inter teneras bombycem ferre papillas?

Quid

Hence flows the ſubtle veil which o'er the fair
Spreads its thin cloud, and wraps her braided hair,
Or ſhades her face when duſty winds prevail,
And guards that beauty which it can't conceal.
Sometimes the wond'rous pow'r of ſhade and light
With magic luſtre mocks the doubting ſight,
While fickle colours, as they change their place,
Fade, and revive, and catch a diff'rent grace.
'Twere endleſs to purſue thro' ev'ry part
How human wit exhauſts the ſilken art,
How ſilver plates the downy threads infold,
And the ſoft texture ſtiffens into gold,
Such as, of old, appear'd the precious fleece
From Ætes raviſh'd by the ſons of Greece,
Where the pale gold a woolly ſemblance bore,
Comb'd o'er the ſkin in locks of curling ore;
Haſte then, ye fair, nor bluſh to plant the ſeed
Of Thisbe's tree, and nurſe the ſilken breed.

Quid mirum, ſi jam totum diffuſa per orbem
Saturni et Veneris paſcunt pecora aurea gentes,
Mollia nec ſoli noverunt ſtamina Seres?
Lanivomum ipſa genus, Saturni munere magno,
Jamdudum ſuper Idalium, ſuper alta Cythera
Tranſtulit et Venus, et noſtras penetravit ad oras.
Quippe olim (ſed fama annis obſcura,) regebat
Felices Seras læti ditiſſimus agri
Serius, antiquo patriæ de nomine dictus.
Mox acri infelix Phaethuſæ incenſus amore
Italiam petiit: poſtquàm illam ad flumina magni
Audiit Eridani correptum fulmine fratrem
Flere diem noctemque, Jovis fera tela querentem.

Sed

What wonder then that ev'ry land ſhould rear
The flocks of Saturn and the Cyprian fair?
Nor Serean climes poſſeſs the ſole renown
Of diſtaffs ſwelling ſoft with golden down;
Long ſince, by Saturn taught, the queen of love
Far from Idalium and Cythera's grove
Has ſpread her arts to where Hydaſpes runs,
And thence deriv'd they reach Europa's ſons:
For ſtill in records trac'd a tale appears,
Tho' dimly notic'd thro' the duſk of years,
That Serius once, a prince of wide command,
O'er Serean nations bleſt with fertile land
Far to Heſperian climes was forc'd to rove,
Unhappy drawn by Phaethuſa's love;
There he had heard that o'er the ſounding Po,
By day, by night, with never ending woe,
She mourn'd her brother's fate with pious love,
And plaintive blam'd the cruel bolt of Jove:

Sed vix Auſonios fines, Oenotriaque arva
Attigerat, novus ecce illi cùm perculit aures
Rumor, virgineam formam amiſiſſe puellam,
Protinus & longos ad cœlum tendere ramos
Pro manibus, duroque includi pectora libro,
Ah miſeram! ſubitò ſtetit acri corda dolore
Saucius, inſignemque à pectore rupit amictum,
Pictus acu molles tunicas opera aurea Serum.
Tum viridi in ripa, charæ ſub virginis umbra,
Implevit cœlum queſtu, dilectaque fruſtra
Robora complexus tereti dabat oſcula ligno,
Et tenero ereptos in cortice flebat amores
Infelix: non ſceptra animum, non regna parentum
Alta movere queunt, nec opimæ copia gazæ.

In

But ſcarce his feet th'Auſonian ſhore had gain'd,
And fertile plains where old OEnotrus reign'd,
When lo! the voice of fame officious bears
A ſtrange and ſudden rumour to his ears,
That robb'd of virgin ſhape the hapleſs maid
A poplar's trembling form in air diſplay'd,
With branches ſtretch'd for arms, and cloſe embrac'd
In bark ſtiff-circling round her ſlender waiſt:
With heart-felt pangs the wounded lover bore
The fatal news, and from his boſom tore
The broider'd robes where Serean needles play'd
In blazing gold, and ſilk of ſofter ſhade;
Beneath her boughs dark bending o'er the Po
He lay, and ſent to heav'n the breath of woe,
Claſp'd the lov'd ſtem with unavailing bliſs,
And mark'd the poliſh'd rind with eager kiſs;
Nor treaſur'd wealth nor realms paternal move
His heart poſſeſs'd alone by pow'rful love,

Nor

In patriam negat ire, placet tantùm Itala tellus.
Nec procul Eridani ripis abſiſtit, & omnem
Vitam agit in lacrymis : bis ſenos ordine menſes
Illum adeò perhibent ſolos fleviſſe per agros,
Et tandem Superos extrema voce precatum,
Neve oculis lacrymæ, neu deeſſet luctibus humor
Perpetuus : Superis quæ vota audita repentè.
Perſtat in incepto ; gemitu nemora omnia complet :
Non oculis lacrymæ, non deſit luctibus humor.
Solvunt ſe in lacrymas artus, & corpore toto
Liquitur humor, abitque omnis converſus in undas :
Fit fluvius, curſuque breviſſimus exit in alveum,
Addua magne, tuum ; & tecum in vada ſolvitur alti

Eridani,

Nor happy native lands delight him more,
Fix'd in ſweet exile to Heſperia's ſhore;
There ſtill near wide Eridanus he ſtray'd,
Inceſſant mourning for the much-lov'd maid,
And twelve returning moons each lonely vale,
Each unfrequented mountain heard him wail;
At length it's ſaid that, in the hour of death,
The Gods were courted with his lateſt breath,
That tears perpetual from his eyes might flow,
And never-failing moiſture feed his woe;
Sudden the Gods confirm his inſtant pray'rs,
Chang'd to a ſtream with ever-trickling tears
His limbs diſſolve, and murm'ring as they move
Lament in plaintive ſounds his hapleſs love;
In little ſpace his rapid current ends,
And ſwift with Addua's deeper water blends,
Thus mix'd, beneath Cremona's tow'rs they glide,
And ſwell her fruitful glebe with azure tide;

Eridani, atque pedes Phaethuſæ humectat amatæ,
Flumine turrigeræ radens ſata culta Cremonæ.
Manſit amor, veteres amni manſere calores.
Sæpe illum fama eſt clauſam ſub cortice Nympham
Tentâſſe, optatum mox aſcendiſſe cubile.
Tandem juncta Dryas fluvio eſt, licitiſque hymenæis
Egreſſam ruptâ Divam Deus arbore duxit:
Cui picturatas vario ſubtegmine veſtes,
Illuſaſque auro tunicas, et tenuia lætæ
Texta dedit, miſſa à patriis ſibi munera terris.
Paucaque præterea bombycis ſemina donis
Addidit, oſtendens hujus quis muneris uſus.
Ipſa eadem egregias, longo pòſt tempore, natas

Seriadas

There his glad ſtreams the Po's deep current meet,
And bathe his much-lov'd Phaethuſa's feet:
Yet love ſtill laſted, and his former flame
Glow'd unextinguiſh'd in the rolling ſtream,
And oft, as fame reports, his current ſtay'd,
Oft woo'd, and gain'd at laſt th' impriſon'd maid,
The ſtruggling Dryad rent the fibrous wood,
And join'd the God that pours the Serian flood.
Then precious robes adorn'd the plighted maid,
Rich tribute which his realms paternal paid,
Where fancy, wand'ring gay from fold to fold,
Sported in flow'rs, or liv'd in figur'd gold;
He added to his gift the ſhelly ſeed
Whoſe little orbs contain the ſilken breed,
Shew'd how from theſe vaſt nations to produce,
And full inform'd the fair of all their uſe.
Theſe arts in after-times the royal dame
Taught her fair daughters of the Serian ſtream,

Seriadas docuit, patris de nomine dictas,
Mox illæ Auſonias paſſim ſparſere per urbes,
Et morum umbroſam latos ſevere per agros;
Unde ſacri viridem vates petiere coronam,
Et meritis gratas ſibi devinxere puellas.

FINIS.

Auſonia's cities owe their ſkill to theſe,
And plant each wide domain with Thisbe's trees;
To theſe cool ſhades the bard reſorting weaves
A wreathy chaplet from their vernal leaves,
Amus'd with labours which the fair approve,
Pleas'd with his ſtrains, and grateful in their love.

FINIS.

Some Obſervations neceſſary to be added to VIDA's Precepts on the Silkworm.

Book I.

Line 35. BUT all over Europe the Silkworms are fed in houſes.

200. The leaves will keep very well, during two or three days, in a cool place.

245. The white mulberry-leaf buds ſooner, and is more delicate than the black, and may therefore be fitteſt for them when newly hatched, or juſt after their ſleep, when they caſt their ſkins, and their new teeth are tender: but if they ſhould be fed with white, while they are in full health, after having been uſed to the black, their over-feeding might hurt them.

268. But no Leaf yet known will bring them to perfection except the mulberry, the nettle moſt reſembles it in taſte.

291. *Read*—Has climb'd a third of his meridian height.

321. Their ſhelves need not be cleaned ſo often—and much more ſeldom if they are made of ſmall reeds, bulruſh, or twiggs, which will let their dirt fall through on the ſloping planes of paper, as deſigned in the copper-plate.

361. This will ſave much trouble in feeding and cleaning them.

382. According to Malpigius, they ſleep four times.

393. This is omitted in the copper-plate leaſt it ſhould hide the frames.

Book II.

Line 247. For doing this Vida gives no precept, the rule is, to chooſe the largeſt and deepeſt coloured balls of thoſe which are firſt ſpun.

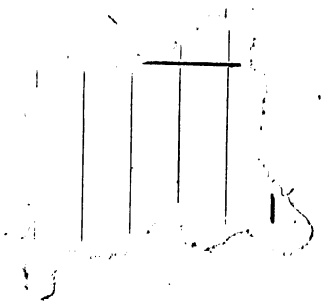
254. An hundred is here uſed for any large number, they generally lay three or four hundred eggs, but thoſe which are laſt layed, do not produce ſo ſtrong worms as the others.

263. Keeping the balls cool might perhaps be neceſſary in very hot climates, but with us it would retard the eruption of the moth till the cold weather advanced; whereas moderate warmth haſtens it while the hot weather laſts, when they breed more vigorouſly.

271. Which added to the nine days, mentioned line 44, make eighteen. But with us they continue near a month in the ſilk-balls, unleſs they are kept in a moderately warm place, which is eaſily done for the few which are neceſſary to breed, and is of great uſe.

433. This is only a complementory imitation of Virgil — ſome other poetical embelliſhments, ſuch as (perhaps) the hatching of their eggs only at full moon—the malignant eyes of old perſons—the conſtancy of the male and female moths, &c. will eaſily be diſtinguiſhed by the judicious reader.

In the Life of VIDA.

Pag. iv. lin. ult. *read*—who when he arrived at the Pontificate.

Pag. v. lin. 3. *For* in either, *read*—in it.